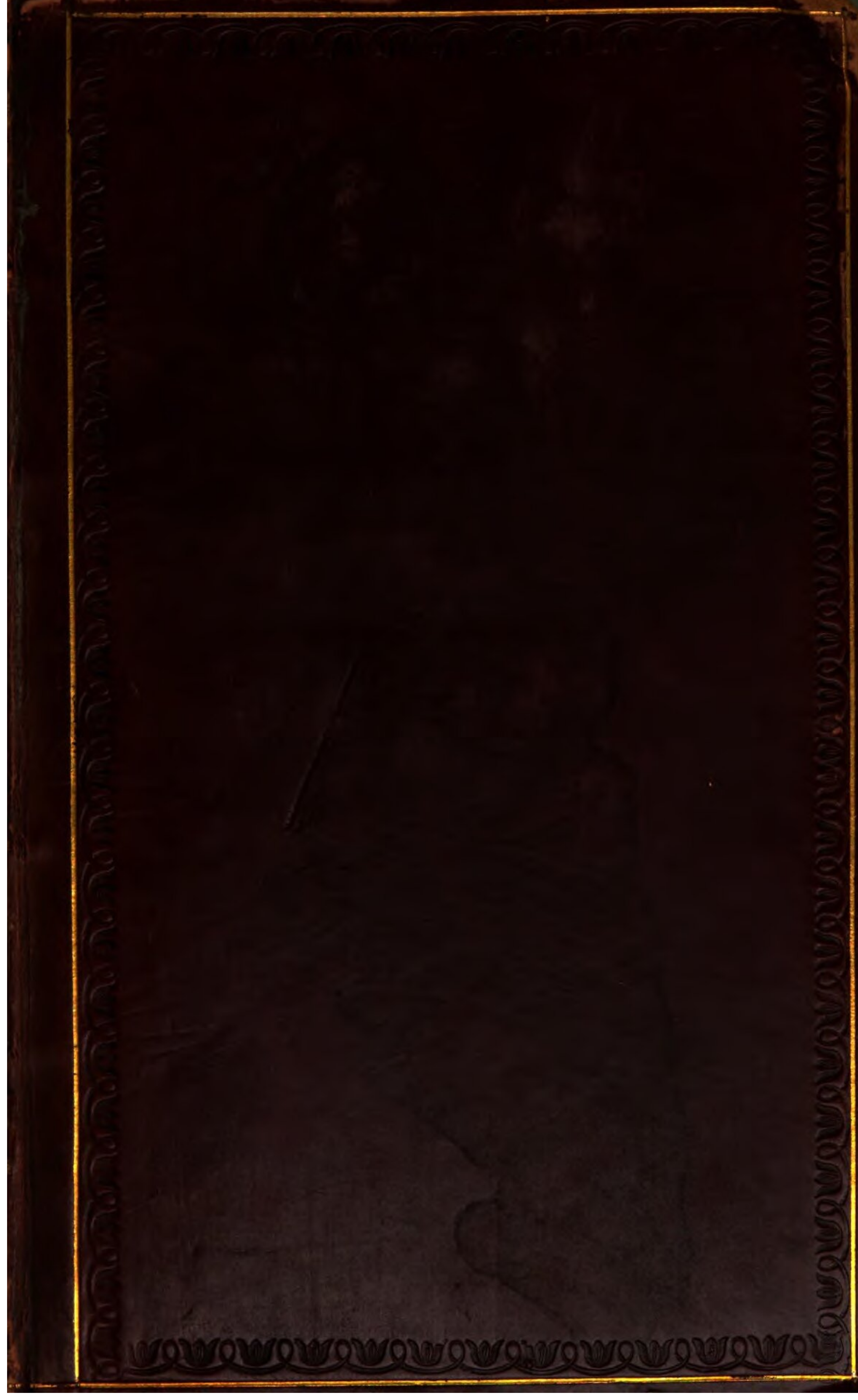




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See
Vol I

AS YOU LIKE IT



ORLANDO.—HANG THERE, MY VERSE, IN WITNESS OF MY LOVE.

ACT III.

SCENE II.

PAINTED BY HOWARD

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO.

ENGRAVED BY MITCHELL

THE
BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

KING HENRY VIII.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

WINTER'S TALE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1808.

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BEDFORD BURY.**

20(11)

AS YOU LIKE IT;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

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DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK

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REMARKS.

This comedy has high reputation among Shakspeare's works ; and yet, on the stage, it is never attractive, except when some actress, of very superior skill, performs the part of Rosalind.

This character requires peculiar talents in representation, because it has so large a share of the dialogue to deliver ; and the dialogue, though excellently written, and interspersed with various points of wit, has still no forcible repartee, or trait of humour, which in themselves would excite mirth, independent of an art in giving them utterance.

Such is the general cast of all the other personages in the play, that each requires a most skilful actor, to give them their proper degree of importance.

But, with every advantage to "As you like it" in the performance, it is more a pleasing drama, than one which gives delight. The reader will, in general, be more charmed than the auditor : for he gains all the poet, which neither the scene nor action much adorn, except under particular circumstances.

Dr. Johnson, in his criticisms at the end of this play, gives the following description of it:—The fable is

wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven, for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural, and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays ; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious."

This must appear but moderate praise to those who may profess to be fervent admirers of the comedy.

Of its origin, Steevens says—"Shakspeare has followed Lodge's novel of "Rosalynd" more exactly than is his general custom, when he is indebted to such worthless originals ; and has sketched some of his principal characters, and borrowed a few expressions from it. It should be observed, however, that the characters of Jaques, the Clown, and Audrey, are entirely the poet's own formation."

The Forest of Arden (or Ardenne), in which the chief scenes of this drama lie, is an extensive woody domain, in French Flanders, near the Meuse, and between Charlemont and Roeroy.

Shakspeare has made the inhabitants of this forest appear so happy in their banishment, that, when they are called back to the cares of the world, it seems more like a punishment than a reward. Jaques has too much prudence to leave his retirement ; and yet, when his associates are departed, his state can no longer be enviable ; as refined society was the charm which seemed here to bestow on country life its more than usual enjoyments.

REMARKS.

Kemble's Jaques is in the highest estimation with the public: it is one of those characters in which he gives certain bold testimonies of genius, which no spectator can controvert—yet the mimic art has very little share in this grand exhibition.

Mrs. Jordan is the Rosalind both of art and of nature; each supplies its treasures in her performance of the character, and render it a perfect exhibition.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	DRURY LANE.	COVENT GARDEN.
THE DUKE	<i>Mr. Raymond.</i>	<i>Mr. Chapman.</i>
DUKE FREDERICK	<i>Mr. Maddocks.</i>	<i>Mr. Creswell.</i>
AMIENS	<i>Mr. Dignum.</i>	<i>Mr. Incledon.</i>
JAQUES	<i>Mr. Wroughton.</i>	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>
LE BEAU	<i>Mr. Fisher.</i>	<i>Mr. Farley.</i>
1 LORD		<i>Mr. Klanert.</i>
2 LORD		<i>Mr. Field.</i>
OLIVER	<i>Mr. Bartley.</i>	<i>Mr. Brunton.</i>
JAQUES DE BOIS	<i>Mr. Holland.</i>	<i>Mr. Claremont.</i>
ORLANDO	<i>Mr. Elliston.</i>	<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>
ADAM	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>	<i>Mr. Murray.</i>
CHARLES	<i>Mr. Male.</i>	<i>Mr. Bennett.</i>
DENNIS		<i>Mr. Sarjant.</i>
SYLVIVS	<i>Mr. De Camp.</i>	<i>Mr. Menage.</i>
CORIN	<i>Mr. Dormer.</i>	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
WILLIAM	<i>Mr. Purser.</i>	<i>Mr. Blanchard.</i>
TOUCHSTONE	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
 ROSALIND	 <i>Mrs. Jordan.</i>	 <i>Miss Smith.</i>
CELIA	<i>Miss Mellon.</i>	<i>Miss Brunton.</i>
PHEBE	<i>Miss Boyce.</i>	<i>Miss Searle.</i>
AUDREY	<i>Miss Pope.</i>	<i>Mrs. Mattocks.</i>
HYMEN		<i>Mrs. Atkins.</i>
TWO CUPIDS		<i>Mrs. Shotter.</i>
		<i>Mrs. Burgess.</i>

FORESTERS *and* SOLDIERS.

SCENE—*First, near OLIVER'S House; and, afterwards, partly in the DUKE'S Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

OLIVER'S Orchard.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was in this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother, Jaques, he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping, for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and, to that end, riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something, that nature gave me, his countenance seems

to take from me : he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me ; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude : I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliv. Now, sir ! what make you here ?

Orl. Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.

Oliv. What mar you then, sir ?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which Heaven made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oliv. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be nought a while.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them ? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury ?

Oliv. Know you where you are, sir ?

Orl. O, sir, very well : here, in your orchard.

Oliv. Know you before whom, sir ?

Orl. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldest brother ; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me : The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born ; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us : I have as much of my father in me, as you ; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oliv. What, boy !

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oliv. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oliv. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you, in his will, to give me good education: you have trained me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oliv. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good. [Exit.

Oliv. Get you with him, you old dog!

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—Heaven be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word!

[Exit.

Oliv. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. [Exit

SCENE II.

OLIVER'S House.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliv. Holla, Dennis !

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oliv. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here, to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oliv. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS.*—] 'Twill be a good way ; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Charles. Good morrow to your worship.

Oliv. Good Monsieur Charles ! what's the new news at the new court ?

Charles. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news : that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother, the new Duke ; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke ; therefore, he gives them good leave to wander.

Oliv. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the old Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Charles. O, no ; for the new Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her—being ever from their cradles

bred together—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oliv. Where will the old Duke live?

Charles. They say, he is already in the Forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oliv. What, you wrestle to-morrow, before the new Duke?

Charles. Marry do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in against me, to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he, that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for mine own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oliv. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which, thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have, by underhand means, laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me, his natural brother; therefore, use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his

neck, as his finger; and thou wert best look to't; for, if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale, and wonder.

Charles. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more.—And so, Heaven keep your worship!

[*Exit.*]

Oliv. Farewell, good Charles!—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Lawn before the DUKE's Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke, my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and, when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports; let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal; but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in

sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No! When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool, to cut off the argument—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight foresworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not fore-sworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it all away, before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more market-able.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau; what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said! that was laid on with a trowel.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence——

Ros. With bills on their necks,—“Be it known unto all men, by these presents”——

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles, in a moment, threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third: yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, 'that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this, that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it. [Fourish.]

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and ATTENDANTS.

Fred. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies—see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Goes to his Seat.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur, the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles, the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess, he is the general challenger; I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore, be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein, I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed, that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead, that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me—the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a

place, which may be better supplied, when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you !

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well ! 'Pray Heaven, I be deceived in you !

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you !

Charles. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

Orl. Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Charles. No, I warrant your grace ; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mocked me before : but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man !

Ccl. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg ! [They wrestle.

Ros. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [Shout.

Duke. No more, no more. [CHARLES is thrown.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace ; I am not well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, Charles ?

Touch. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man ?

Orl. Orlando, my liege : the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would thou hadst been son to some man else !

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy :

I would thou hadst told me of another father !

[Exit DUKE, with his Train.

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[Giving him a Chain from her Neck.]

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but, that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman!

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here stands up,
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well!

[Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue!

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Oh, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet, such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
manners;
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter's company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that, of late, this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But, that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her, for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well!
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you. [*Exit.*

Orl. I rest much bounden to you; fare you well!
Thus must I, from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind; Cupid have mercy!—not a word?

Ros. Not one, to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me.—But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father: Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry, hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. Oh, a good wish upon you!—But turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke, my father, loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke!

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Fred. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste, And get you from our court!

Ros. Me, uncle?

Fred. You, cousin:

Within these ten days, if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it!

Ros. [*Kneeling.*] I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me!
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with my own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic
(As I do trust I am not), then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Fred. Thus do all traitors;
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Fred. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his duke-
dom.

So was I, when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord,
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak!

Fred. Ay, Celia; we but stay'd her for your sake;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;
If she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And, wheresoe'r we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Fred. She is too subtle for thee; and her smooth-
ness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more vir-
tuous,

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;
Firm, and irrevocable, is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her—she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my
liege;
I cannot live out of her company.

Fred. You are a fool!—You, niece, provide your-
self;
If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die!

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK, &c.]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers?—I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love,
Which teacheth thee, that thou and I am one:

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee!

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle, in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves, sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because, that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh.
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
page;

And, therefore, look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels, and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way

To hide us from pursuit, that will be made
After my flight.

Ros. Now, go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

OLIVER'S *House.*

Enter ORLANDO.—Knocks at the Door.

Orl. Who's there?

Enter ADAM.

Adam. What! my young master?—Oh, my gentle
master,

Oh, my sweet master! Oh, you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men,
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

Oh, what a world is this, when, what is comely,
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. Oh, unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof,
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother

Hath heard your praises; and this night, he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.

This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me
go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my
food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown;

Take that: and He, that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:—

All this I give you; Let me be your servant:

Though I look old, yet, I am strong and lusty:

For, in my youth, I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

Nor did not, with unbashful forehead, woo

The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly ; let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man,
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. Oh, good old man ! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed !
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion ;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having : it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry :
But, come thy ways, we'll go along together ;
And, ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on ; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years, many their fortunes seek ;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week :
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES, and Two or
Three LORDS, like Foresters.*

Duke. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet,

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites, and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly, and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet, and so sweet a style.

Duke. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me; the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gor'd.

Jaques. Indeed, my lord,
I have often griev'd at that;
And, in that kind think you do more usurp,
Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my Lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal

Behind an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place, a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears

Cours'd one another down his innocent nose,
In piteous chase ; and thus, the hairy fool
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said you ?
Did you not moralize this spectacle ?

Jaques. O, yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream ;
Poor deer, quoth I, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that, which had too much :—Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;—
'Tis right, quoth I ; thus, misery doth part
The flux of company :—Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him ;—Ay, quoth I,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
'Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?
Thus pierced I through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life : for we, my lord,
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke. Show me the place ;
I love to cope you in these sullen fits,
For then you're full of matter.

Jaques. I'll bring you to it, straight. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with LORDS.

Fred. Can it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be; some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so
oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter, and her cousin, much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Fred. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hi-
ther;
I'll make him find him—do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail,
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Forest.

Enter JAQUES, AMIENS, and three other LORDS.

Jaques. More, more; I pr'ythee more.

Amiens. It will make you melancholy, Jaques.

Jaques. I thank it; I do love it better than laughing.

Amiens. Those, that are in the extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaques. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation: nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which, my after rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.—Sing, I pr'ythee sing.

Amiens. My voice is rugged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me, I desire you to sing.—I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel can suck eggs. Come, warble, warble.

SONG.—AMIENS.

*Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,*

*And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

*Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i'the sun.
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaques. I'll go sleep, if I can ; if I cannot, I'll rail
against all the first-born of Egypt.

Amiens. And we'll go seek the duke : his banquet
is prepared. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE V.

The Forest of Arden.

*Enter ROSALIND, in Boy's Clothes, for Ganymede ; CE-
LIA, dressed like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.*

Ros. O Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits !

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were
not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's
apparel, and cry like a woman : but I must comfort

the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat! therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.

Touch. For my part I had rather bear with you, than bear you; yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SYLVIVS.

Corin. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sylv. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her.

Corin. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sylv. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess; Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow: But if thy love were ever like to mine (As sure I think did never man love so) How many actions most ridiculous Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Corin. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sylv. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily; If thou remember'st not the slightest folly That ever love did make thee run into, Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not talked as I do now Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise, Thou hast not lov'd: Or if thou hast not broke from company,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd :—Oh, Phebe, Phebe, Phebe !

[Exit SYLVIVS.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine : I remember, when I was in
love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him
take that for coming o' nights to Jane Smile ; and I
remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs
that her pretty chopped hands had milked : and I re-
member the wooing of a peascod instead of her ; from
whom I took two cods, and giving her them again,
said with weeping tears, " Wear these for my sake."
We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers ; but
as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mor-
tal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be aware of mine own
wit, 'till I break my shins against it.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon man,
If he for gold will give us any food ;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holloa ! you clown !

Ros. Peace, fool ! he's not thy kinsman.

Corin. Who calls !

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Corin. Else they are very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say : Good even to you, friend.

Corin. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed :
Here's a young maid, with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Corin. Fair, sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her :
But I am shepherd to another man,

And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-cote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he, that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Corin. That young swain, that you saw here ere-while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Corin. Assuredly the thing is to be sold!
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Forest.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam ! no greater heart in thee ? Live a little ; comfort a little ; cheer thyself a little : If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable ; hold death a while at the arm's end : I will be here with thee presently ! and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die : but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said ! thou look'st cheerly : and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air : Come, I will bear thee to some shelter ; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

Another Part of the Forest.

A Table set out.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and LORDS.

Duke. I think he is transform'd into a beast :
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence ;
Here was he merry hearing of a song.

Duke. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres :—
Go, seek him ; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour, by his own approach.

Duke. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily.

Jaques. A fool, a fool!——I met a fool i'the forest,
A motley fool—a miserable world!——

As I do live by food, I met a fool;

Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.

“Good-morrow, fool,” quoth I: “No, sir,” quoth he,

“Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune:”

And then he drew a dial from his poke;

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, “It is ten a'clock:

“Thus may we see,” quoth he, “How the world wags:

’Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;

And after one hour more, ’twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot,

And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep contemplative;

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley’s the only wear.

Enter ORLANDO, with his Sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaques. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv’d.

Jaques. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke. Art thou thus bolden’d, man, by thy distress;

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nurture: But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaques. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.

Duke. What would you have? Your gentleness shall
force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke. True is it, that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts? and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,

And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd——
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger——
I will not touch a bit.

Duke. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*

Duke. Thou see'st, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaques. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Duke. Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need ;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke. Welcome, fall to : I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.—AMIENS.

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.*

*Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.*

Duke. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's
son——

As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were ;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face——
Be truly welcome hither ; I am the duke,
That lov'd your father : The residue of your fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me.——Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is:—
Support him by the arm.— Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exeunt.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, LORDS, and OLIVER.

Fred. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it;
Find out thy brother, whereso'er he is;
Bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oliv. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Fred. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of
doors:
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently, and turn him going. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*The Forest.**Enter ORLANDO.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love :
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind ! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character ;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando ; carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [Exit.

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Corin. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone ?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life ; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well ; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well ; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well ; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd ?

Corin. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is ; and that he, that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends :——That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn : That good pasture makes fat sheep ; and that a great cause of the night, is the lack of the sun : That he, that hath learned no wit by nature

nor art; may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Corin. No, truly,

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Corin. Nay, I hope——

Touch. Truly, thou art damned; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Corin. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Corin. Not a whit, Touchstone: I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell weather; and to betray a she lamb of a twelve-month to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Corin. Here comes young Mr. Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, taking a Paper from a Tree, and reading.

From the east to the western Inde,

No jewel is like Rosalind.

Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

Through all the world bears Rosalind.

*All the pictures, fairest limn'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the face of Rosalind.*

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter woman's rate to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

*If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind,
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind,
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Enter CELIA, with a Writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading! stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age
Some, of violated vows*

*'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read, to know
This quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in a little show.
Therefore Heaven nature charg'd,
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind, of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd:
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.*

Ros. O, most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, “Have patience, good people!”

Cel. How now! back, friends!—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. Oh, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came ; for look here what I found on a palm-tree.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this ?

Ros. Is it a man ?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck : change you colour ?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who ?

Cel. O lord, lord ! it is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it ?

Cel. Is it possible ?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is ?

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping !

Ros. Good my complexion ! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition ?—What manner of man ? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard ?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful : let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando ?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day ! what shall I do with my doublet and hose ?—What did he, when thou saw'st him ? What said he ? How looked he ? Wherein went he ? What makes he here ? Did he ask for me ? Where remains he ? How parted he with thee ? and when shalt thou see him again ? Answer me in one word.

Cel. Thou must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. Oh, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter JAQUES and ORLANDO.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft, comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

[*CELIA and ROSALIND retire.*]

Jaques. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaques. Heaven be with you! let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaques. I pray you, mar no more trees, with writing love-songs on their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses, with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaques. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaques. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaques. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaques. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?—Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaques. The worst fault you have is, to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I would not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaques. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaques. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaques. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love! [Exit.]

Orl. I'm glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur melancholy!

[CELIA and ROSALIND come forward.]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'ennight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain. These time ambles withal.

Orl. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for, though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it withal?

Ros. With lawyers, in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here, in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was, in his youth, an inland man; one, that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank Heaven, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. They were none principal; they were all like one another, as halfpence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks: hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles: all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he, that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue—Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love!

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love, believe it: which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points, in the which, women still give the lie to

their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he, that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But, are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason, can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet, I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate—changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears—full of smiles; for every passion, something, and for no passion, truly, any thing, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me, to wash your liver as clear as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I will show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind: Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? Am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features? Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here, with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead, than a great reckoning in a little room: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical!

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and, what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. And do you wish then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly, for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and, therefore, I pray the gods, make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty, upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though, I thank the gods, I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and, to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here, we have no temple, but the wood, no assembly, but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! as horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer has them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor.

Come, sweet Audrey;

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Outside of a Cottage, in the Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer: but, for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. Was is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger, than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here, in the forest, upon the duke, your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I

was ; I told him, of as good as he : so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando ?

Cel. Oh, that's a brave man ! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely : but all's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides :—Who comes here ?

Enter CORIN.

Corin. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd that complain'd of love ; Whom you saw sitting by me, on the turf, Praising the proud, disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him ?

Corin. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain : Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove ; The sight of lovers feedeth those in love :— Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say, I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter PHEBE and SYLVIVS.

Sylv. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me :—do not,
Phebe :
Say, that you love me not ; but say not so

In bitterness : The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon : Will you sterner be
Than he, that dies, and lives, by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.

Phebe. I would not be thy executioner ;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye :
Now do I frown on thee, with all my heart ;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee.

Sylv. O, dear Phebe,
If ever, as that ever may be near,
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds, invisible,
That love's keen arrows make.

Phebe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me : and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not ;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you?—Who might be your
mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What, though you have beauty
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you,
Than, without candle, may go dark to bed),
Must you, therefore, be proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale work :—Od's my little life!
I think, she means to tangle mine eyes too :—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it ;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

You foolish shepherd ! wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain ?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she, a woman : 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children :
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;
But, mistress, know yourself ; down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love :
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can ; you are not for all markets ;
Cry the man mercy ; love him ; take his offer ;
So, take her to thee, shepherd :—fare you well !

Phebe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together ;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine :
Besides, I like you not : If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here, hard by :
Will you go, sister ?—Shepherd, ply her hard :—
Come, sister :—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud : though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd, in sight, as he.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

Phebe. Dead shepherd ! now I find thy saw of
might ;

Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?

Sylv. Sweet Phebe !

Phebe. Hah ! what sayest thou, Sylvius ?

Sylv. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phebe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Sylvius.

Sylv. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be.

Phebe. Sylvius, the time was, that I hated thee :

And yet, it is not, that I bear thee love :

But, since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which, erst was irksome to me,

I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :

But do not look for further recompense,

Than thine own gladness, that thou art employed.
Know'st thou the youth, that spoke to me erewhile?

Sylv. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old Carlot once was master of.

Phebe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him, than to love him:
For what had he to do, to chide at me:
I marvel when I answer'd not again:
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it—Wilt thou, Sylvius?

Sylv. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phebe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short:
Go with me, Sylvius. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and ORLANDO.

Ros. Why, how now, Orlando? where have you
been all this while? You a lover!—An you serve me
such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of
my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will
divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but
a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs
of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clap-
ped him o'the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-
whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind !

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight ; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail ?

Ros. Ay, of a snail ; for, though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head ; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman.—Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent :—What would you say to me now, an I were your very, very Rosalind ?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first ; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators—when they are out, they will spit ; and, for lovers lacking matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How, if the kiss be denied ?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress ?

Ros. Am I not your Rosalind ?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club ; yet he did what he could, to die before ; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night : for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned : and the foolish chroniclers of

that age found it was—Hero, of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown would kill me.

Enter CELIA.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly! But come, now I will be your Rosalind, in a more coming-on disposition; and, ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, 'faith, will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin—Will you, Orlando—

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife, this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say—I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. Now, tell me, how long would you have her, after you have possessed her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say, a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December

when they wed : maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes, when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee, than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen ; more clamorous than a parrot against rain ; more new fangled than an ape ; more giddy in my desires, than a monkey ; I will weep for nothing, like Diana, in the fountain, and I will do that, when you are disposed to be merry : I will laugh like a hy-en, and that, when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But, will my Rosalind do so ?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do !

Orl. O, but she is wise !

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this ; the wiser, the waywarder : Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement ; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole ; stop that, it will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man, that had a wife with such a wit, he might say—Wit, whither wilt ?

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that ?

Ros. Marry, to say—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. Oh, that woman, that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool !

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours !

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner ; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways ;—I knew what you would prove ! my friends told me as much, and I thought no less :—that flattering tongue of

yours won me; 'tis but one cast away, and so—come death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind!

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so, God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice, that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[Exit ORLANDO.]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that, as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he comes.

Cel. Look who comes here!

Enter SYLVIVS.

Sylv. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[Giving a Letter.]

I know not the contents: but, as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action,
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. [*Reading.*] Patience herself would startle at
this letter,

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phoenix: 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sylv. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance:—Will you hear the let-
ter?

Sylv. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebe's me: Mark how the tyrant
writes.

[*Reads.*] *Art thou' god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*

Can a woman rail thus?

Sylv. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads.*] *Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear such railing?—

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—*

Meaning me a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sylv. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—
Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee
an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not
to be endured!—Well, go your way to her (for I see
love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to
her:—"That, if she love me, I charge her to love
thee: if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou
entreat for her." If you be a true lover, hence, and
not a word; for here comes more company.

[Exit SYLVIVS.]

Enter OLIVER.

Oliv. Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you
know

Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But, at this hour, the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oliv. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oliv. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: What must we understand by this?

Oliv. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oliv. When last the young Orlando parted from
you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back! about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who, with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but, suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And, with indented glides, did slip away

Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;

And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd mong'st men.

Oliv. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando :—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oliv. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so :
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger ever than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

Oliv. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?

Oliv. By and by.

When, from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place ;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love ;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here, upon his arm,

The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he, in sport, doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?

[*ROSALIND faints.*

Oliv. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!

Oliv. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home!

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you will take him by the arm!

Oliv. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man!—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would
think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your
brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigho!

Oliv. This was not counterfeit; there is too great
testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion
of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oliv. Well then, take a good heart, and counter-
feit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i'faith, I should have been a
woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you,
draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oliv. That will I; for I must bear answer back,
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey! a most vile Martext! But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we, that have good wits, have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Wil. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. Give ye good even, William.

Wil. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head; cover thy head: nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Wil. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name, William?

Wil. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name : Wast born i'the forest here !

Wil. Ay, sir, I thank Heaven.

Touch. Thank Heaven!—a good answer : Art rich ?

Wil. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so ! 'Tis good, very good, very excellent good —and yet it is not ; it is but so so. Art thou wise ?

Wil. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well ? I do now remember a saying ; “ The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.” The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth ; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid ?

Wil. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand : Art thou learned ?

Wil. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me ; To have is to have ; For it is a figure in rhetorick, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one, doth empty the other : For all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he ; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Wil. Which he, sir ?

Touch. He, sir, that must carry this woman : Therefore, you, clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave—the society,—which in the boorish is,—company—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female ; or, clown, thou perishest ; or, to thy better understanding, diest ; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life unto death, thy liberty into bondage : I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel ; I will bandy with thee in faction ; I will overrun thee with policy ; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways ; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Wil. Rest you merry, sir. [Exit.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Forest.

Enter OLIVER and ORLANDO.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo! and, wooing, she should grant? And you will persevere to enjoy her?

Oliv. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me: consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind!

Ros. God save you, brother!

Oliv. And you, fair sister.

[Exit.

Ros. Oh ! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. Oh, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:" For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage; they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, Oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her: I know into what straights of for-

tune he is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meaning?

Ros. By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician : Therefore put you on your best array, bid your friends ; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall ; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SYLVIVS and PHEBE.

Look here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers!

Phebe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have : it is my study, To seem despiteful and ungentle to you : You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd ; Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phebe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sylv. It is to be made all of sighs and tears ;— And so I am for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sylv. It is to be all made of faith and service ;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phebe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman. Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, if I can ; [*To SYLVIVS.*]
—I would love you, if I could ; [*To PHEBE.*]
—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To PHEBE.*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow :—I will satisfy you, [*To ORLANDO.*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-mor-

row.—I will content you, [*To SYLVIVS.*] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you love Rosalind, meet; [*To ORLANDO.*].—As you love Phebe, meet; [*To SYLVIVS.*].—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well! I have left your commands.

Sylv. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phebe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter DUKE, ORLANDO, OLIVER, JAQUES, SYLVIVS, PHEBE, and FORESTERS.

Duke. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not: As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd;—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [*To the DUKE.* You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? [*To ORLANDO.*

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

[*To PHEBE.*]

Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phebe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

[*To SYLVIVS.*]

Sylv. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O Duke! to give your daughter:—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Sylvius, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Sylvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even. [*Exit ROSALIND.*]

Duke. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought, he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest born;
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Touch. [*Without.*] Come along, Audrey.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, and
these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a
pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are
called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is

the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaques. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir; I desire of you the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that, that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house: as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious!

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaques. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is called the retort courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is called the quip modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: This is called the reply churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he

would answer, I speak not true. This is called the reproof valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie. This is called the countercheck quarrelsome? and so to the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

Jaques. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the lie circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the lie direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners; I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as—If you said so, then I said so; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool!

Duke. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter JAQUES DE BOYS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two. I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:— Duke Frederick, hearing how, that, every day Men of great worth resorted to this forest, Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, to put him to the sword :
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came ;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world :
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again,
That were with him exil'd : This, to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke. Welcome, young man :
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding.

A Dance, then enter HYMEN, attended.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither ;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.*

*[HYMEN goes to the Top of the Stage, brings forward ROSALIND, and presents her to the DUKE
—CELIA comes forward.]*

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To the DUKE.]

To you I give myself, for I am yours. *[To ORLANDO.]*

Duke. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phebe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then—my love, adieu !

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:

[*To the DUKE.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:

[*To ORLANDO.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To PHEBE.*

Hym. Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning.

Duke. Oh, my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

First, in this forest, let us do those ends,

That, here, were well begun, and well begot;

And after, every of this happy number,

That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,

And fall into our rustic revelry:—

Play, music;—and you brides, and bridegrooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaques. Sir, by your patience!—If I heard you
rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life,

And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaques. To him will I: out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—

You, to your former honour I bequeath;

[*To the DUKE.*

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:

You, to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—

[*To ORLANDO.*

You, to your land, and love, and great allies:

[*To OLIVER.*

You, to a long and well-deserved bed:—

[*To SYLVIVS.*

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

[*To TOUCHSTONE.*

Is but for two months victual'd—

Touch. Come along, Audrey. [*Exit with AUDREY.*]

Jaques. So to your pleasures;
I am for other, than for dancing measures.

Duke. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaques. To see no pastime, I:—what you would
have,

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Ros. If it be true, that "Good wine needs no bush," 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet, to good wine, they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better, by the help of good epilogues.—What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can insinuate with you, in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar; therefore, to beg, will not become me: my way is, to conjure you, and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women (as I perceive, by your simpering, none of you hate them), that, between you and the women, the play may please. If I were among you, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, will, for my kind offer, when I make a courtesy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.



FALSTAFF.—HOLD, SIRRAH, BEAR YOU THESE LETTERS
TIGHTLY.

ACT. I.

SCENE. III.

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1806

ENGRAVED BY MEYRON

THE
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

REMARKS.

The masculine understanding of Queen Elizabeth was so captivated by the comic scenes of the historical play, in two parts, of Henry the Fourth, that she commanded Shakspeare to introduce Falstaff in one drama more, and to make him in love.

Her Majesty had more respect for Falstaff than for the tender passion, or she certainly would not have wished it disgraced by such a votary. But possibly there might be morality in her design; for volumes, written against the fatal delusions of love, could never be so effectual a cure to a sighing youth, or pining damsel, as to behold their own disorder raging in the bosom of one so little formed to excite a sympathetic sensation.

Shakspeare protected love from so vile an habitation, and placed avarice in its stead.

Johnson, speaking of this expedient of the great poet in favour of love, has bestowed the highest possible encomium on that prevailing power, by declaring,

“ That by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the easy luxury of Falstaff, must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast could have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff.”

Thus is love proclaimed as a general purifier from evil by one of our strictest moralists. The passion must therefore be ever considered as counterfeit, when unaccompanied by virtue and honour.

Dryden allows this play to be “ exactly formed ;” whilst the former critic says, “ The conduct of this drama is deficient ; the action begins and ends often before the conclusion, and the different parts might change place without inconvenience.” He, nevertheless, acknowledges the work to be a fine combination of dramatic circumstances, and shelters the author’s failings under the royal command. To write at command is indeed of all labour the most severe, as far as the torments of the mind, in general, exceed those of the body.

Though it is said, that the Queen was graciously pleased to express her approbation of “ The Merry Wives,” when she attended the representation, yet the author was not so easily satisfied as his royal auditor ; and after the date of its first performance, he added various alterations and improvements.

Independent of its merit as a comedy, the production is curious to the highest degree, as a faithful reporter of the manners and usages of that age, which the unadorned dialogue, and the unaffected personages of the drama, would confirm, even if Shakspeare’s name was not affixed to the work.

This is one among the number of his dramas, that can never be performed but when the theatre in which it is played has in its service an actor of very high and very peculiar abilities. Henderson, about twenty

years ago, answered this description, and his Sir John Falstaff was accounted his very best character. Not, indeed, the individual Sir John of this comedy, which is far inferior, both in wit and humour, to the same man in Henry the Fourth.

From the time of Henderson's death, attempts had been made to revive Sir John, but he was cold as his great representative, till Mr. Stephen Kemble was engaged to personate him a few nights at Drury Lane, and brought him to life for the period of his engagement. Since when, Cooke, at Covent Garden, undertook his resuscitation, and will make him live as long as he lives himself.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	COVENT GARDEN.	DRURY LANE.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF	<i>Mr. Cooke.</i>	<i>Mr. Steph. Kemble.</i>
JUSTICE SHALLOW	<i>Mr. Simmons</i>	<i>Mr. Dormer.</i>
ABRAHAM SLENDER	<i>Mr. Liston.</i>	<i>Mr. Collins.</i>
FENTON	<i>Mr. Claremont.</i>	<i>Mr. Bartley.</i>
FORD	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>	<i>Mr. Wroughton.</i>
MR. PAGE	<i>Mr. Murray.</i>	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
DR. CAIUS	<i>Mr. Farley.</i>	<i>Mr. Wewitzer.</i>
SIR HUGH EVANS	<i>Mr. Blanchard.</i>	<i>Mr. Downton.</i>
HOST	<i>Mr. Emery.</i>	<i>Mr. Maddocks.</i>
BARDOLPH	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>	<i>Mr. Webb.</i>
PISTOL	<i>Mr. Atkins.</i>	<i>Mr. De Camp.</i>
NYM	<i>Mr. Wilde.</i>	<i>Mr. Evans.</i>
ROBIN	<i>Master Benson.</i>	<i>Master West.</i>
SIMPLE	<i>Mr. Menage.</i>	<i>Mr. Purser.</i>
JOHN RUGBY	<i>Mr. Beverly.</i>	<i>Mr. Tokely.</i>
 MRS. PAGE	 <i>Mrs. Mattocks.</i>	 <i>Miss Pope.</i>
MRS. FORD	<i>Mrs. Glover.</i>	<i>Miss Mellon.</i>
ANNE PAGE	<i>Miss Waddy.</i>	<i>Mrs. Sharp.</i>
MRS. QUICKLY	<i>Mrs. Davenport.</i>	<i>Mrs. Sparks.</i>

FAIRIES, &c.

SCENE—*In, and about, Windsor.*

THE
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Before PAGE's House.

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and EVANS.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not: I will make a Star Chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *corum*.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *cust-ulorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *rat-ulorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r lady? if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure, prings goot discretions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that very person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham, and Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shal. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page : Is Falstaff there ?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie ? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false ; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there ; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks at the Door.*] What hoa ! 'pless your house here !

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there ?

Eva. Here is your friend, and Justice Shallow : and here young Master Slender ; that, peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well : I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you : Much good do it your good heart ! I wish'd your venison better ; it was ill kill'd :—How doth good Mistress Page ? and I thank you always with my heart, la ; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you ;—I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir ? I heard say, he was outrun on Cotsale.

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Shal. Is Sir John Falstaff here ?

Page. Sir, he is within ; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd ; is not that so, Master Page ? He hath wrong'd me ;—indeed, he hath ;—at a word, he hath ;—believe me ;—Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, ROBIN, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Nym.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight;—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in counsel; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage: Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bar. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man——can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—Master Page, *fidelicet*, Master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book: and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,——

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. What phrase is this, “He hears with ear.”
Why it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender’s purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovell-boards, that cost me two shilling and two-pence apiece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No: it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!——Sir John,
and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:
Word of denial in thy labras here;
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou ly’st.

Slen. By these gloves, then ’twas he.

Nym. Be advis’d, sir, and pass good humours: I will say, “marry trap,” with you, if you run the nut-hook’s humour on me: that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is the five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier’d; and so conclusions pass’d the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but ’tis no matter: I’ll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I’ll be drunk with those that have the fear of Heaven, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Heaven 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE with Wine, followed by MRS. PAGE.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

[*Exit ANNE PAGE.*

Slen. O Heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Enter MRS. FORD.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope, we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all but SHALLOW, SLENDER, and EVANS.*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here:—

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple?—where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off, by Sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage—

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it;---to Mistress Ann Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth;---Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good-will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir---I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her.

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt; but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolv'd, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne;---Would I were young, for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

[*Exit SHALLOW.*

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exit EVANS.*

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth:—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my Cousin Shallow:—[*Exit SIMPLE.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:---I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a Master of Fence; three veney's for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since.---Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i'the town?

Anne. I think, there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have seen Sackerson loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:---but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing; I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not chuse, sir; come, come. [*Exit PAGE.*

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Anne. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in PAGE'S House.

Enter EVANS, with a Letter, and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Dr. Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress

Quickly, which is the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet ;---give her this letter ; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page ; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page : I pray you, be gone. [*Exit SIMPLE.*] I will make an end of my dinner ; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exit EVANS.*]

SCENE III.

The Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rock ? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules ; cashier : let them wag ; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph ; he shall draw, he shall tap ; said I well, bully Hector ?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke ; let him follow : Let me see thee froth, and lime : I am at a word ; follow.

[*Exit HOST.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him ; a tapster is a good trade ; An old cloak makes a new jerkin : a wither'd servingman, a fresh tapster : Go ; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd : I will thrive.

[*Exit* BARDOLPH.]

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinderbox ; his thefts were too open ; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Enter PISTOL, NYM, and ROBIN.

Which of you know Ford of this town ?

Pist. I ken the wight ; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol : Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about : but I am now about no waste ; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife : I spy entertainment in her ; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation : I can construe the action of her familiar style ; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be english'd rightly, is, " I am Sir John Falstaff's."

Pist. He hath study'd her will ; and translated her will ; out of honesty into English.

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse ; she hath a legion of angels.

Nym. The humour rises ; it is good : humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her : and here another to Page's wife ; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious eyeliads : sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly,—

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course-o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass ! She

bears the purse too ; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me ; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page ; and thou this to Mistress Ford ; we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel ? then, Lucifer take all.

Nym. I will run no base humour : here, take the humour letter ; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly ;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.

[*Exit* ROBIN
Rogues, hence, avaunt ! vanish like hail-stones, go ;
Trudge, plod, away, o'the hoof ; seek shelter, pack !
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues : myself, and skirted page.

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge ?

Nym. By welkin, and her star ?

Pist. With wit, or steel ?

Nym. With both the humours I :
I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

DR. CAIUS' House.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY, *with a Letter*, and SIMPLE.

Quick. What ; John Rugby !—

Enter RUGBY.

I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master. Master Doctor Caius, coming : if he do, i' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

Quick. Go ; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.—
[*Exit* RUGBY.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal ; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate : his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer ; he is something peevish that way ; but nobody but has his fault ;—but let that pass.—Peter Simple, you say your name is ?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender's your master ?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not ?

Sim. Ay, forsooth ; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head ; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you ?——O, I should remember him : Does he not hold up his head, as it were ? and strut in his gait ?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, Heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish---

Enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

[Exit RUGBY.]

Quick. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. *[Shuts SIMPLE in the Closet.]* He will not stay long.---What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:---

And down, down, a-down-a, &c. *[Singing.]*

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un botier verd*; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.—I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

[Exit MRS. QUICKLY.]

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,——la grande affaire.*

Enter MRS. QUICKLY, with a Green Box.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy; mettez le au mon pocket; Dépêchez quickly;---* Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Enter RUGBY.

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long :—Od's me !
Qu'ay j'oublié ? dere is some simples in my closet, dat
I vill not, for the varld, I shall leave behind.

[*Exit CAIUS.*]

Quick. Ah me ! he'll find the young man there,
and be mad.

Caius. [*Within.*] *O diable, diable !* vat is in my closet ?—*Villainy, Larron ! Rugby, my rapier.*

Enter CAIUS, pulling SIMPLE out of the Closet.

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a ?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet ?
dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so flegmatic ; hear
the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from
Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue :---Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid,
to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my
master in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed-la ; but I'll never put my
finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you ?—*Rugby, baillez me*
some paper : Tarry you a little while.

[*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet : if he had been
thoroughly mov'd, you should have heard him so loud
and so melancholy ;—But notwithstanding, man, I'll
do your master what good I can : and the very yea
and the no is, the French Doctor, my master,—I may
call him my master, look you, for I keep his house ;

and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you advis'd o'that? you shall find it a great charge: And to be up early and down late;---but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but, notwithstanding that, ---I know Anne's mind,---that's neither here nor there.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. You jack'napes; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh: by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his throat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:---you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here. [*Exit SIMPLE.*]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:---do you not tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?---By gar, I vill kill de jack priest: and I vill appoint mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon;---by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate.

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me.---By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of door:---Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY.*]

Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that; never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I can do with her, I thank Heaven.

Fenton. [*Without.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow?

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman ; how dost thou ?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne ?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way ; I praise Heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above : but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I ; what of that ?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale ; —good faith, it is such another Nan ;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread :—We had an hour's talk of that wart ;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!---But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholly and musing : But for you—Well---go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day : Hold, there's money for thee ; let me have thy voice in my behalf : if thou seest her before me, commend me---

Quick. Will I? ay i'faith, that we will, and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence ; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell ; I am in great haste now.

[Exit FENTON.]

Quick. Farewell to your worship.---Truly, an honest gentleman ; but, Anne loves him not ; I know Anne's mind as well as another does :---Out upon't ! what have I forgot ? *[Exit.]*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*Before PAGE's House.**Enter MRS. PAGE, reading a Letter.*

Mrs. Page. What, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holyday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [Reads.]

Ask me no reason why I love you; for, though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there is sympathy: you are merry, so am I: Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I: Would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, (at least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee: I will not say, pity me! 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me, By me,

*Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.*

JOHN FALSTAFF.

What a Herod of Jury is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—What one unweigh'd behaviour has this Flemish drunkard pick'd out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not

been thrice in my company!—How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as—

Enter MRS. FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary:—O, Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou dost jest!

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves." What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore, at Windsor? How shall I be reveng'd on him?—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy

letter : but let thine inherit first ; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same : the very hand, the very words : What doth he think of us ?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not : It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty ; for sure, unless he knew some stain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it ?

Mrs. Page. Let's be reveng'd on him : let's appoint him a meeting ; give him a show of comfort in his suit ; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. Oh, that my husband saw this letter ! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes ; and my good man too : he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight :---Look, who comes yonder ?

Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Quickly.

Mrs. Page. She shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her ; she'll fit it. [Exeunt.]

Enter FORD, with PISTOL, and PAGE, with NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail-dog in some affairs :
Sir John affects thy wife :
He loves thy gally-mawfry ; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife ?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou, Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels.— O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—

Away, Sir Corporal Nym,——

Believe it, Page, he speaks. [Exit PISTOL.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [Exit NYM.

Page. "The humour of it," quotha! here's a fellow frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.—If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest of the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me: did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me.

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head.—I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there's either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.

Enter Host.

How now, mine host?

Host. How now, bully-rock? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero justice, I say.

Enter SHALLOW.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero justice; tell him, bully-rock.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between Sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rock?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook, only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go an-heirs?

[*Exit Host.*

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccados, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Enter Host.

Host. Here, boys, here here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt HOST, SHALLOW, and PAGE.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falsaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open.—I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfined baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: What would'st thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach. *[Exit* ROBIN.

Hence, rogue, avaunt,—go steal, and hang.

[Exit PISTOL.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears:—Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, Heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her

to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly, (all musk) and so rusling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of;—Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page has her hearty commendations to you too;—and, let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's

wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: I am yet thy debtor.—Boy,——

Enter ROBIN.

Go along with this woman.—[*Exeunt MRS. QUICKLY and ROBIN.*—This news distracts me.—Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH, with a Cup of Sack.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below, would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with

you ; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name ?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor.—Ah ! ah ! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompass'd you ? go to, *via* !

Enter BARDOLPH, and FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir : Would you speak with me ?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you,—

Fal. You're welcome ; what's your will ? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit BARDOLPH.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much ; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours : not to charge you ; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are ; the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion ; for, they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me : if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook ; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I will be brief with you :---You have been a man long known to me, though I had never

so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection : but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own ; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is, to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir ; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her ; follow'd her with a doting observance ; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her ; briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me ; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But, whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none : unless experience be a jewel ; that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate ; and that hath taught me to say this :

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues ;

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then ?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground ; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me ?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all.—Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd coustruction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose; You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it: spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift: She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money: next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O, good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say, you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook, you shall want none.—I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted with me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am bless'd in your acquaintance.---Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:---yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money: for the which, his wife seems to be well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: Master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt sleep with his wife.---Come to me soon at night:---Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style: thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:---come to me soon at night. [Exit FALSTAFF.]

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this!---My heart is ready to crack with impatience.---Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?---See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that

does me this wrong. Terms! names!---Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well: yet they are devil's additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name.—Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust Parson Hugh, the Welchman, with my cheese, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect.---Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy!---Ten o'clock the hour;---I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late.---Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[Exit.

SCENE III.

Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Fible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew, your worship would kill him.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill

kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villain-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter HOST, SHALLOW, PAGE, and SLENDER.

Host. 'Bless thee, bully Doctor.

Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good Master Doctor!

Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. 'To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward of the world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, Master Doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt

of our youth in us ; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace : you have show'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman : you must go with me, Master Doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice :—A word, monsieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater ! vat is dat !

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman :---Scurvy jack-dog ! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw ! vat is dat ?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me ; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,---But first, Master guest and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he ?

Host. He is there : see what humour he is in ; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields : will it do well ?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Master Doctor.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de Welchman ; for he speak for a jack-a-nape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die : but first sheathe thy impatience ; throw cold water on thy choler : go about

the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good: vel said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Frogmore.

Enter EVANS, with a Book in his Hand, and SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you, now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Simp. Marry, sir, the Pitty-ward, the Park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, sir.

[*Exit SIMPLE.*

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!--I shall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me! how molancholies I am!--I will knog

his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork : 'pless my soul !

[Sings.] *By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals ;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand vragrant posies.
By shallow——*

Mercy on me ! I have a great dispositions to cry.

[Sings.] *Melodious birds sing madrigals ;---*

Enter SIMPLE.

Simp. Yonder he is, coming this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome :——

[Sings.] *By shallow rivers, to whose falls——*

Heaven prosper the right !---What weapons is he ?

Simp. No weapons, sir :---There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. 'Pray you, give me my gown ;---or else keep it in your arms.

Enter SHALLOW, PAGE, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, Master Parson ? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page !

Page. 'Save you, good Sir Hugh !

Eva. 'Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you !

Shal. What ! the sword and the word ! do you study them both, Master Parson ?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day ?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Master Parson.

Eva. Fery well : What is it ?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renown'd French physician.

Eva. Heaven's will, and his passion o'my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons;—Keep them asunder;—here comes Dr. Caius.

Enter HOST, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good Master Parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Master Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. 'Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. 'Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-combs, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diablo!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jar-terre*,—have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch, soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the pro-verbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial: so.—Boys of art. I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Excunt* HOST, SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and SIMPLE.]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scald, scurvy, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart: he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—'Pray you follow.
[*Excunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter ROBIN *and* MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of:—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he: I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he! —Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her. *[Exeunt MRS. PAGE and ROBIN.]*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind:—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well: I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page; divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon,—*[The Clock strikes.]* The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there.—

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, EVANS, CAIUS, RUGBY, and SIMPLE.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you all, go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her, for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good-will, Father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth; he writes verses, he speaks holyday; he smells April and May: he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much; my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I'll show you a monster.—Master Doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, Master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well.—We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIMPLE.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest Knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit* HOST.

Ford. I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.—Will you go, gentles?

[*Exeunt* FORD, PAGE, and EVANS.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exeunt* CAIUS, and RUGBY.

SCENE III.

FORD'S House.

Enter MRS. FORD, and MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly:—is the buck basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant :——What, Robin, I say.

Enter JOHN and ROBERT, with a Basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard-by in the brewhouse; and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering,) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

[*Exeunt JOHN, and ROBERT.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master Sir John is come in at the back-door, Mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go, tell thy master, I am

alone. [*Exit* ROBIN.] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit* MRS. PAGE.]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then;—we'll use this gross pum-pion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O, sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arch'd bent of the brow, that becomes, the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John:—my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier: I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisp-ing hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklers-bury in simple-time; I cannot; but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir ; I fear, you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter gate ; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heavens knows how I love you ; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind ; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do ; or else I could not be in that mind.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford ! here's Mistress Page at the door, looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently. [*Exit ROBIN.*

Fal. She shall not see me ; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. 'Pray you, do so ; she's a very tattling woman.— [*Exit FALSTAFF.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter ? how now ?

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done ? you're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page ?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford ! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion !

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion ?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion ?—Out upon you !—how am I mistook in you !

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas ! what's the matter ?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence : You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder. [*Aside.*]——'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. 'Pray Heaven, it be not so, that you have such a man here; but, 'tis most certain, your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it: but, if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand "you had rather," and "you had rather;" your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance; in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceiv'd me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here: and throw the linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, (it is whiting-time,) send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there:—What shall I do?

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee,—help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the Basket, they cover him with the Linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call

your men, Mistress Ford :—[*Exit* ROBIN.] You dissembling knight !

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John !

Enter JOHN, and ROBERT.

Go, take up these clothes, here, quickly : Where's the cowl-staff?—Look, how you drumble : carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead ; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and EVANS.

Ford. 'Pray you, come near : If I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest ; I deserve it.—How now, whither bear you this ?

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it ? you were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck !—I would I could wash myself of the buck ! Buck, buck, buck ! Ay, buck ; I warrant you buck ; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt* JOHN and ROBERT, with the Basket.] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night ; I'll tell you my dream.—Here, here, here be my keys ; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out : I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox :—Let me stop this way first ;—So, now un-cape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented ; you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page.—Up, gentlemen : you shall see sport anon : follow me, gentlemen.

[*Exit* FORD.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen ; see the issue of his search.

[*Exit* PAGE.

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

[*Exit* EVANS.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France : it is not jealous in France. [Exit CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this ?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket !

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here ; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that : And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water ; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment ?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it ; let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Enter FORD and PAGE.

Ford. I cannot find him : may be, the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that ?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay ; peace !——You use me well, Master Ford, do you ?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts ! [Exit MRS. FORD.

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford. [Exit MRS. PAGE.

Ford. Ay, ay ; I must bear it.

Enter EVANS and CAIUS.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the

chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too, dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not asham'd? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see, 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well:—I promis'd you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park.

Page. Let's go, gentlemen:—but, trust me, we'll mock him.—I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.—'Pray you, go, Master Page.

[*Exeunt FORD and PAGE.*]

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes and his mockeries, [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV,

PAGE'S House.

Enter ANNE PAGE and FENTON.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas ! how then ?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth ;
And that, my estate being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth :
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,——
My riots past, my wild societies ;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to
come !

Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne :
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags ;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love ; still seek it, sir :
If opportunity and humble suit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.

[FENTON and ANNE retire a little.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly ; my kins-
man shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft, or a bolt on't : 'slid, 'tis but
venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me : I care not for
that,—but that I am afraid.

Quick. Harkye ; Master Slender would speak a
word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults,
Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year !

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? 'Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him!—'Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glostershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

[*Exit SHALLOW.*]

Anne. Now, Master Slender.

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE, MRS. PAGE, *and* SHALLOW.

Page. Now, Master Slender :—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why how now ! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me ?

Page. No, good Master Fenton.

Come, Master Shallow ;—come, son Slender ; in :—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[*Exeunt* PAGE, SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not ; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy ;

My daughter will I question, how she loves you,

And, as I find her, so am I affected :

Till then, farewell, sir :—She must needs go in ;

Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt* MRS. PAGE, *and* ANNE.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress ; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing now ; Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician ?
Look on Master Fenton : this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains.
[*Exit FENTON.*

Quick. Now Heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: What a beast am I to slack it!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't.
[*Exit BARDOLPH.*] Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man;

and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter BARDOLPH, with the Sack.

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallow'd snow-balls.—Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave;—I cry you mercy:—Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Go, brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself.—[*Exit BARDOLPH.*] How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men,—they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir!

[*Exit MRS. QUICKLY.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.—O, here he comes.

Enter FORD, disguised.

Ford. 'Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?—

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, sir,

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master Brook.

Ford. How, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook: but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and, as it were, spoke prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the lord, a buck-basket: ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffer'd, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice, what they had in their basket; I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffer'd the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous bell-wether: next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge,

like a horse-shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into *Ætna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have receiv'd from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu.—You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit FALSTAFF.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake: awake, Master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will now take the lecher; he's at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am, I cannot avoid: yet, to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [Exit.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

FORD'S House.

*The Buck-basket in the Room.**Enter FALSTAFF and MRS. FORD.*

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mrs. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

Enter MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—Speak louder. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here,——

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, "Peer-out, Peer-out!" that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket: protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came.—But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguis'd,—
Mrs. Page, how might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something; any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too: Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John; Mistress Page, and I, will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while.

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threaten'd to beat her.—But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [Exit MRS. FORD.]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.—

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too;
We do not act, that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old, but true, "Still swine eat all the draff."

[Exit.]

*Enter MRS. FORD, with a Kerchief in her Hand,—
JOHN and ROBERT.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set down, obey him—quickly, dispatch.

[Exit MRS. FORD.]

Enter EVANS, FORD, PAGE, and CAIUS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains:—Somebody call my wife.—[Exit JOHN.] You, youth in a basket!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: Now shall the devil be sham'd.—What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog.

Caius. *Ma foi*, Master Ford, dis is not vell; *ma foi*.

Enter JOHN and MRS. FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Why, wife, wife,—Come hither, Mistress Ford;—Mistress Ford, the honest wo-

man, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the Clothes out of the Basket.*]

Page. This passes.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not asham'd? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? come away.

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Caius. I shall tink, dis is not vell, Master Ford; dis wrong-a you.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table sport; let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman." Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

[*Exeunt JOHN and ROBERT.*]

Mrs. Ford. What hoa! Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean ! Have I not forbid her my house ? She comes of errands, does she ? We are simple men ; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element : we know nothing.—Come, down, you witch, you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband :—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in Woman's Clothes, led by MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Pratt, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her ;—Out of my doors, you witch ! [*Beats him,*] you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon ! out ! out ! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit FALSTAFF.*

Mrs. Page. Are you not asham'd ? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it :—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch !

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed : I like not when a 'omans has a great peard ; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen ? I beseech you, follow : see but the issue of my jealousy : If I cry out thus upon no trial, never trust me when I open again. [*Exit FORD.*

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further : Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.*

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not ; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scar'd out of him.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have serv'd him?

Mrs. Page. Yea, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly sham'd: and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then,—shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; Assist me in my purpose;

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who mutually, hath answer'd my affection:—
Now, here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar

To stay for us at church, 'twixt twelve and one;
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, I'll to the vicar:

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee.

[*Exeunt FENTON and HOST.*]

SCENE III.

FORD'S House.

*Enter EVANS, PAGE, MRS. PAGE, FORD, MRS. FORD,
and CAIUS.*

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of an 'omans
as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an
instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou
wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness; now doth thy honour
stand,

In him that was of late a heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more;—
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke
of,

Page. How! to send him word, they'll meet him
in the park

At midnight! fie, fie; he will never come.

Era. You say, he has been thrown in the rivers;
and hath been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman:
methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he
should not come; methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he
shall have no desires.

Caius. So tink I too, by gar.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when
he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him hither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne
the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,

Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,

Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes
a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner:

You've heard of such a spirit; and well you know,

The superstitious idle-headed eld

Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;—

That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,

Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape; When you have brought him
thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon.—

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,

And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
 And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
 As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
 Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
 With some diffused song: upon their sight,
 We two in great amazedness will fly:
 Then let them all encircle him about,
 And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
 And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
 In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
 In shape profane?

Mrs. Ford. And, till he tell the truth,
 Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
 And burn him with their tapers.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours;
 and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the
 knight with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent: I'll go buy them vi-
 zards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the
 fairies.

Eva. It is admirable pleasures, and fery honest kna-
 veries.

Mrs. Ford. Let us about it.

All. Come, come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Garter Inn.

Enter HOST and SIMPLE.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what,
 thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short
 quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John
 Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed : Go, knock and call ; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto thee : Knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber ; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down : I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha ! a fat woman ! the knight may be robb'd ; I'll call. — Bully knight ! Bully Sir John ! speak from thy lungs military : Art thou there ? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Within.*] How now, mine host ?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman : Let her descend, bully, let her descend ; my chambers are honourable : Fie ! privacy ! fie !

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me ; but she's gone.

Simp. 'Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford ?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, musselshell : What would you with her ?

Simp. My master, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, sir ?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd Master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself ; I had other things to have spoke with her too from him.

Fal. What are they ? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, sir, they are nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; say the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir Tike; who more bold?

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit SIMPLE.]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning. [Bell rings.]

Host. Coming—coming. [Exit HOST.]

Fal. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transform'd, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with it; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fall'n as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter MRS. QUICKLY, with a Letter.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd! I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i'the stocks, i'the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak, and you shall hear how things go, and I warrant to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat [*FALSTAFF reads the Letter.*] Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together! sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling:—go.—I'll hold—This is the third time: I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can, to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come ; we'll couch i'the castleditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth ; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum* ; she cries *budget* ; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too : But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget* ? the white will decipher her well enough.

Page. The night is dark ; light and spirits will become it well. No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away ; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green : when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly : Go before into the park ; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do ; Adieu.

[*Exit* CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir.—My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he

will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Evans?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on;—To the oak, to the oak!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Windsor Park.

Enter EVANS and FAIRIES.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies! come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you; Come, come; trib, trib.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Park.

A Clock strikes Twelve.

Enter FALSTAFF, with a Buck's Head on, clanking a Chain.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i'the forest.—Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John!—Art thou there, my deer?

Fal. Let the sky rain potatoes: let it thunder to the tune of “Green Sleeves;” hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[Noise by the FAIRIES within.]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs. Ford. }
Mrs. Page. } Away, away.

[MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE run away.]

Enter EVANS and Others, dressed like Fairies.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them,
 shall die:

I'll wink and couch; no man their works must eye.
 [Lies down upon his Face.]

Eva. Our dance of custom, round about the oak
 Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.
 Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order
 set:—

But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy!
 Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

[All the FAIRIES speak.]

*Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
 Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.*

[During this rhyme, they pinch him.—DR. CAIUS comes
 one Way, and steals away a FAIRY in Green; SLEN-
 DER another Way, and he takes away a FAIRY in
 White; and FENTON comes, and steals away ANNE
 PAGE.—A Noise of Hunting is made within. All
 the FAIRIES, except EVANS, run away. FALSTAFF
 pulls off his Buck's Head, and rises.]

Enter FORD, PAGE, MRS. FORD, and MRS. PAGE.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd
 you now;

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. Now, good Sir John, how like you
 Windsor wives?

See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
 Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master
 Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here

are his horns, Master Brook: And, Master Brook, he hath enjoy'd nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Heaven, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave your jealousies also, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Ford. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles, and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

[*Aside.*

Enter SLENDER.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatch'd?

Slen. Despatch'd!—I'll make the best in Glostershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i'the church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him,

for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd, *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

[*Exit* SLENDER.]

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turn'd your daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paysan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit* CAIUS.]

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, Master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Master Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her; Hear the truth of it. You would have married her, Where there was no proportion held in love.

The truth is, She and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.
The offence is holy, that she hath committed :
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon
her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd : here is no remedy :—
In love, the Heavens themselves do guide the state ;—
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special
stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy ? Fenton, Heaven give
thee joy !

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are
chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further :—Master
Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many, merry days !——
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire ;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so :—Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word ;
For he, to-night, shall sleep with Mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

THE END.

HENRY . VIII .



KING HENRY — READ OER THIS .

ACT III .

SCENE I

PAINTED BY HOWARD

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO.

ENGRAVED BY G. NOBLE

1807

KING HENRY VIII.

A HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

KING HENRY VIII.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

As, to do good, for the honour and glory of a supreme Being, and in conformity to his commandments, is the highest perfection of mortal man—so, to commit evil, under the pretence of religious duty, and, in his sacred name, constitutes the most flagrant impiety of which a human creature can, in the full premeditation of guilt, be chargeable.

The crimes, which, unhappily, form all the incidents of this drama, are, by the hardened perpetrators of them, all ascribed to the holy will and pleasure of Heaven. King Henry casts from his bed and throne, his loving and obedient wife; because his conscience dreads the anger of his Maker:—and Cardinal Wolsey devotes himself to pomp, amasses unbounded wealth, and exacts from his neighbours every honour short of adoration; whilst his profession announces—his imitation of an humble Redeemer.

The qualities and characters of both the King and the Cardinal underwent almost a total change, from their youth to their manhood; or to that period in which they are here delineated. Henry, when young, possessed personal beauty and grace—his mind was susceptible of all the softer delights, and a peculiar

passion for music seemed to have tuned his soul to harmony.—Wolsey, even at the age of forty, would laugh, sing, and dance—when he was younger, he would drink also—and once, for some tumult which he raised, at a country fair, he suffered the disgrace of being placed in the stocks; though he was, at that very time, rector of a living in the neighbouring village.

Who, that had beheld the gay, the graceful, the accomplished Henry, at a ball or concert, enraptured with sweet sounds, could have predicted, that—he would divorce four virtuous wives, and behead two of them?—And who, that had seen the riotous Wolsey, with his legs imprisoned in a market-place, could possibly have descried, in that object of condign punishment,—a future archbishop, England's prime minister, an illustrious cardinal, and an aspirer at the popedom?

From the many artful praises of Anne Bullen, which Shakspeare has introduced in this play, but, above all, from his many prophetic insinuations, and, at length, his bold prophecy, that the infant daughter of Henry and beauteous Anne—shall prove a blessing to this realm—it is conjectured, that the play of Henry the Eighth was written and performed during the reign of that very child, Queen Elizabeth.

With all his desire to please his royal mistress, Shakspeare has yet never once depreciated the virtues of the good Queen Katharine, or drawn a veil over her injuries. He has made her the most prominent, as well as the most amiable, sufferer in his

drama—and, in thus closely adhering to the truth of history, he pays a silent tribute to the liberality of Elizabeth, more worth than all his warmest eulogiums.

Katharine's first speech, in that excellent part of the play, her trial, is taken from history, with but trivial variation; and likewise the King's reply to it. Her dying scene, particularly her letter and message to the King, have also the sanction of history for their most pathetic passages. Commentators have, in general, preferred the latter scene to the foregoing one, in its quality of exciting compassion. But, perhaps, a mild and submissive woman, such as Katharine is described, can never be considered so much an object of pity, as when bitter provocation has impelled her to assume the deportment of haughtiness, and the language of anger.

The selfsame words which Wolsey spoke upon his fall are here inserted, and are the lines beginning, "Had I served my God," &c.—This statesman and churchman is by far more respectable in his adversity, than in his prosperity—and yet, it may be observed, that he merely took the road to heaven, when the path to all terrestrial joys had closed upon his footsteps.

High as the merit of this play is, its attraction on the stage is aided by a magnificent coronation of the elevated Anne Bullen. It is melancholy, however, to reflect, upon viewing this fictitious ceremony—that a few years only elapsed, after the spectacle had been in *reality* exhibited, when the same unthinking crowd

who resorted to gaze—ran, with equal curiosity, to behold the identical object of all this splendour, and their admiration—perish upon a scaffold.

Anne Bullen, or rather Queen Anne, was the first crowned head who suffered death by the law of England; and yet her daughter, Elizabeth,—less penetrated by her mother's woes, than governed by her father's cruelty,—caused the second legal execution of a sovereign, in the person of her own cousin, Mary, Queen of Scots.

Many parts of this drama, where the principal characters are not introduced, are, nevertheless, highly interesting: such, in particular, is the final adieu of the Duke of Buckingham. The prayers and good wishes of him, and of all the injured persons in this play, for their common tyrant Henry, are not more remarkable for their charity than for their inefficacy. Henry's remaining life was divided between fits of anger, remorse, despondency: and he died, after a reign of thirty-seven years, hated by every Englishman,—with the rancour of a slave.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY, KING OF ENGLAND	<i>Mr. Pope.</i>
CARDINAL WOLSEY	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS	<i>Mr. Hull.</i>
CAPUCIUS	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
CRANMER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY	} <i>Mr. Murray.</i>
LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR	
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM	<i>Mr. Platt.</i>
DUKE OF NORFOLK	<i>Mr. Brunton.</i>
DUKE OF SUFFOLK	<i>Mr. Creswell.</i>
LORD CHAMBERLAIN	<i>Mr. Waddy.</i>
LORD SANDS	<i>Mr. Farley.</i>
EARL OF SURREY	<i>Mr. Simmons.</i>
GARDINER, BISHOP OF WIN- CHESTER	<i>Mr. Claremont.</i>
SIR THOMAS LOVEL	} <i>Mr. Blanchard.</i>
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD	
CROMWELL	<i>Mr. Chapman.</i>
BRANDON	<i>Mr. Menage.</i>
SURVEYOR TO THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM	<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>
KEEPER OF THE COUNCIL	<i>Mr. Field.</i>
CLERK OF THE COURT	<i>Mr. Treby.</i>
	<i>Mr. Atkins.</i>
	<i>Mr. Jefferies.</i>
KATHARINE, QUEEN OF ENGLAND	<i>Mrs. Siddons.</i>
DUCHESS OF NORFOLK	<i>Mrs. Emery.</i>
MARQUIS OF DORSET	<i>Mrs. Humphries.</i>
LADY DENNY	<i>Mrs. Davenport.</i>
ANNE BULLEN	<i>Miss Brunton.</i>
PATIENCE	<i>Miss Smith.</i>
AGATHA	<i>Mrs. Watts.</i>
CICELY	<i>Miss Searle.</i>

LORDS, LADIES, BISHOPS, JUDGES,—OFFICERS,
GUARDS,—and ATTENDANTS.

SCENE—*Chiefly in London and Westminster; once,
at Kimbolton.*

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

London.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time pomp was single; but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,

Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India : every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine.

The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them. When these suns
(For so they phrase them,) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous
story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities ?

Why took he upon him,
Without the privy o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon.

Nor. The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal.

You know his nature,
That he's revengeful ; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and, 't may be said,
It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes that
rock,

That I advise your shunning !

Enter FOOTMEN ; GUARDS ; GENTLEMEN ; one GENTLEMAN bearing the broad Seal ; another the CARDINAL'S Hat ; two GENTLEMEN with Silver Pillars ; two PRIESTS with Silver Crosses ; SERGEANT AT ARMS, with Mace ; two GENTLEMEN USHERS, bareheaded, with Wands ; CARDINAL WOLSEY ; two PAGES bearing his Train ; CROMWELL with Despatches ; two SECRETARIES with Bags of Papers ; CHAPLAINS, GENTLEMEN, FOOTMEN, GUARDS.

WOLSEY, in his Passage, fixes his Eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of Disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha? Where's his examination?

Crom. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Crom. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more:—and Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt WOLSEY, and his TRAIN.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I Have not the power to muzzle him.—
I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord;
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about.
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself:—Nay, be advis'd.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,

(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't;)

Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and, like a glass,
Did break i'the rincing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. 'Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning car-
dinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let it be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead; But our count cardi-
nal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
'To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Pay'd ere he promis'd: whereby his suit was granted,

Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter SERGEANT AT ARMS, BRANDON, and GUARDS.

Bran. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty;
'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
Heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.

[*Gives his Sword to the SERGEANT.*]

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's chaplain, nam'd John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Has show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Council Chamber.

Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, KING HENRY, leaning on WOLSEY'S Shoulder; NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, SIR THOMAS LOVEL, and CROMWELL.—The CARDINAL places himself at the KING'S Feet, on his right Side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy; and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—[*The KING and WOLSEY sit.*]
Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And, point by point, the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

Sir Henry Guildford. [*Without.*] Room for the queen.

Enter the QUEEN, ushered by GUILDFORD, who places a Cushion, on which she kneels.—The KING rises, takes her up, and places her by him.

King. Rise.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take your place by us:—Half your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:

The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;

Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself; and, in that love,

Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor

The dignity of your office, is the point

Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,

And those of true condition, that your subjects

Are in great grievance: There have been commissions

Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart

Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,

My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches

Most bitterly on you, as putter-on

Of these exactions, yet the king our master,

(Whose honour Heaven shield from soil) even he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks

The sides of loyalty, and almost appears

In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,

It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,

The clothiers all, not able to maintain

The many to them 'longing,

Compell'd by hunger,

And lack of other means, are all in uproar,

And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not whole-
some

To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you: or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did.
I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,

I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,—which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through.

If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission: 'Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To CROMWELL.]
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon.—The griev'd com-
mons

Hardly conceive of me; let it nois'd,
That through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit CROMWELL.]

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:

The gentleman is learned, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound: but he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell.—

Enter SURVEYOR.

Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what
you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That, if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom, by oath, he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins,

His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. "There is," says he, "a Chartreux friar,
that oft

Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor his
heirs,

(Tell you the duke,) shall prosper: bid him strive
To the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England."—

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul; I say take heed.

King. Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas danger-
ous for him

To ruminate on this:—He answer'd, "Tush!
It can do me no damage:" adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha! what, so rank! Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say fur-
ther?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,

After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

King. I remember
Of such a time :—Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on : What hence ?

Surv. “ If,” quoth he, “ I for this had been com-
mitted,
As to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard : who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence ; which, if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.”

King. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in free-
dom,
And this man out of prison ?

Queen. Heaven mend all !

King. There's something more would out of thee ?
What say'st ?

Surv. After—“ the duke his father,”—with—“ the
knife,”—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King. [*Rises.*] There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd ;
Call him to present trial ; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek't of us ; by day and night,
He's traitor to the height.

[*Flourish of Trumpets.—Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter LORD SANDS and CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should
juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
They've all new legs, and lame ones; one would
take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt, reign'd among them.

Enter LOVEL.

Cham. What news, Sir Thomas Lovel?

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travel'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors:

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our
monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Sands. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad they're going:

Now,

An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else: which I would not be;
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.—
Your lordship shall along.

Sands. Ay, ay; if the beauties are there,
I must make one among them, to be sure. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*York Place.**Music.*

A State for the CARDINAL, and a Table for the GUESTS.—ANNE BULLEN, LADY DENNY, and other LADIES, GENTLEMEN, as Guests, WOLSEY'S SERVANTS attending them, discovered.

Enter GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all : This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN, SANDS, and LOVEL.

O my lord, you're tardy ;
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please them :—By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these !

Sands. I would, I were ;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy ?

Sands. As easy as a down bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? [*All sit.*]

Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this.—
[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze ;
Two women plac'd together make cold weather :—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;
'Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies :
[*Sits between ANNE BULLEN and LADY DENNY.*]
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me !
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :
But he would bite none ! just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*]

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated :—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone. [*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

*Enter Two GENTLEMEN, WOLSEY, Two PAGES, and
CROMWELL.—All rise.—WOLSEY takes his State.*

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests ; that noble
lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend : This, to confirm my welcome :
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.—All sit.*]
[*Flourish of Trumpets.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble;
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

[SERVANT gives him Wine.]

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam;
[Drinks.]

For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[Drums and Trumpets,—Cannon discharged,—All
rise.]

Wol. What's that?—

Look out there, some of you. [Exit CROMWELL.]

What warlike voice?

And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;

By all the laws of war you are privileg'd. [All sit.]

Enter CROMWELL.

How now? what is't?

Crom. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and
landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome;
And, 'pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them

Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them :—Some attend him.—

[*Exeunt* CHAMBERLAIN, CROMWELL, and Two
GENTLEMEN.

You've now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all : and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you ;—Welcome all.—

Music.

Enter CROMWELL and CHAMBERLAIN, introducing
the KING, NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK, in Masks, and
Eight ATTENDANTS, habited as Shepherds, followed
by Two GENTLEMEN.

A noble company ! what are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace ; for which I pay
them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*The KING converses with ANNE BULLEN.*

A Dance.

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace ?

Wol. 'Pray, tell them thus much from me :

There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*CHAMRLAIN goes to the Company.*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—

By all your good leaves, gentlemen:—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, cardinal:—

[*The KING unmasks—all rise, and bow.*]

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,—
What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bul-
len's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By Heaven, she is a dainty one—Sweetheart—
I were unmannerly, to take you out,

[*To ANNE BULLEN.*]

And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Nay, come;

I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;
Good my lord cardinal, I've half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again;
Which being ended, they shall all go sleep:
Then this, which doth a happy vision seem,
May be again repeated in a dream.

[Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.]

[Exeunt WOLSEY, with Lights, the KING and ANNE BULLEN, CHAMBERLAIN, NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK, LORD SANDS, and LADY DENNY, CROMWELL, Two PAGES, LOVEL and GUILDFORD, and the rest of the Guests.]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Street.

A Bell tolls, and muffled Drums beat.

Enter GUARDS, TIPSTAVES, LOVEL, EXECUTIONER, BUCKINGHAM, GUILDFORD, GENTLEMEN, and GUARDS.

Buck. You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet Heaven bears witness,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!

The law I bear no malice for my death,

'T has done, upon the premises, but justice;

But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians;

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,

Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies

More than I dare make faults. You few, that lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,

Go with me, like good angels, to my end;

And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,

And lift my soul to heaven. [*Bell tolls.*] Lead on.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart,

Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven.

Commend me to his grace;

And if he speak of Buckingham, 'pray, tell him,

You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,

Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live

Longer than I have time to tell his years!

Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!

And, when old time shall lead him to his end,

Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace,

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,

Who undertakes you to your end.

Guild. Prepare there;
The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready :
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Henry,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bo-
hun :

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant :
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell : I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father :
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most :—
Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose ; for those you make
friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they mean to sink you. [*The Bell tolls.*]

All good people,
Pray for me ! I must now forsake you ; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
Remember Buckingham.

The Bell tolls.—Muffled Drums beat.

[*Exeunt* GUARDS, TIPSTAVES, EXECUTIONER,
BUCKINGHAM, LOVEL, GUILDFORD, GEN-
TLEMEN, and GUARDS.]

SCENE II.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, meeting the CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one
day.

Suf. 'Pray Heaven he do! he'll never know himself
else.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. Let us in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him:

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other where: besides,

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships. *[Exit CHAMBERLAIN.]*

Suf. See, the king!

Enter the KING, reading pensively.

How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray Heaven, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold;
Go too; I'll make ye know your times of business;
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter WOLSEY, and CARDINAL CAMPEIUS, with a Commission.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him!

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though, for his place: *[Aside.*

But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

King. Go. [Exeunt SUFFOLK and NORFOLK.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom,
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judg-
ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King. In mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,—
(The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be ac-
quainted
Forthwith, for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask bylaw,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my
favour
To him that does best; Heaven forbid else! Cardinal,
'Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow.

WOLSEY goes out, and returns with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand ; much joy and favour to you ;

You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

[*Aside.*

King. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*Walks, and whispers with him.*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him ;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still : which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him !
That's christian care enough : for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
For he would needs be virtuous : That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.—

[*Exit GARDINER.*

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars :
There ye shall meet about this weighty business :—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Antechamber of the QUEEN'S Apartments.

Enter LADY DENNY, and ANNE BULLEN.

Anne. Not for that neither ;—Here's the pang that pinches :

His highness having liv'd so long with her ! and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her :—

I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow :—

Who would on such conditions be a queen ?

Lady D. Beshrew me, I would ; so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Lady D. Yes, troth and troth,—You would not be
a queen ?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Lady D. A threepence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it : But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess ? have you limbs
To bear that load of title ?

Anne. No, in truth.

Lady D. I would not be a young count in your
way,

For more than blushing comes to.

Anne. How you do talk !

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Lady D. In faith, for little England
Yould venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that.—Lo, who comes here?

Enter the CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth,
to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray Heaven, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly bless-
ings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely,
The king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing.
'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness!
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: And who knows
yet,

But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord. [Exit CHAMBERLAIN.]

Lady D. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands:—By this time,
I know your limbs will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.—

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: 'pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard, to her.

Lady D. What do you think me? [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black Friars.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

The Court sitting for the Trial of QUEEN KATHARINE
—The KING, WOLSEY, CAMPEIUS, NORFOLK,
SUFFOLK, CHAMBERLAIN, LOVEL, CROMWELL,
BISHOPS, JUDGES, GENTLEMEN and LADIES,
CLERK of the Court, OFFICERS and GUARDS,
discovered.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need ?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd ;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so :—Proceed.

Crom. Say, Henry king of England, come into
the court.

Clerk. Henry, King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Crom. Say, Katharine, Queen of England, come
into the court.

Clerk. Katharine, Queen of England, &c.

*Enter the QUEEN, preceded by GUILDFORD, with a
Cushion, which he places ; then the QUEEN kneels.*

Queen. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me : for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions ; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding — [*She rises.*]—

Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you ? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable.
Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been bless'd
With many children by you : If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up

To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I hum-
bly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: If not, i' the name of Heaven,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court! as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,— [CAMPEIUS rises.
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam? [WOLSEY advances.

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire,—

Wol. Be patient yet.

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,

Or Heaven will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge ; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which Heaven's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. Madam, you do me wrong :
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
The king is present : If it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much
As you have done my truth.

In him

It lies, to cure me : and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you : The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You're meek, and humble
mouth'd ;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility : but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride ;
That again

I do refuse you for my judge ;—and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,

To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She courtesies to the KING, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Clerk. Katharine, queen of England, come into the
court.

Guild. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? 'Pray you, keep
your way:

When you are call'd, return:—Now the Lord help,
'They vex me past my patience!—'Pray you, pass on.—
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[Exeunt GUILDFORD, and the QUEEN.]

King. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
The queen of earthly queens:—She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carry'd herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I'm robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't.

King. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught,
That you have many enemies, that know not

Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd;—
But will you be more justify'd?—you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business;
And oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
Thus it came;—give heed to't:—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of our good queen:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world,

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

King. Break up the court.— [The KING rises.
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.—
My learn'd and well beloved servant, Cranmer,
'Prythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court.

[Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Scene closes.]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Antechamber to the KING's Apartments.

*Enter NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, the EARL of SURREY,
and the CHAMBERLAIN.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, if you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language:
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarry'd,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*
My king is entangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts,

And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

Suf. No, no.—

Cardinal Campeius

Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce:
Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Anne's coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,

And widow to Prince Arthur.—
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you to the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance : You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit CROMWELL.*

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we'll no Bullens !—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pem-
broke!—

Nor. He's discontented:

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's
daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—
This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to

Our cause,—that she should lie i'the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king! Again, there is sprung up
A heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret the
string,

The master cord of his heart.

Suf. The king! the king!

Enter the KING, with a Letter in his Hand, and reading a Schedule.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i'the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain:
In most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind.—If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon.

[The KING signs to the CHAMBERLAIN, who goes to WOLSEY.]

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
And ever bless your highness!

King. Good my lord,
You're full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,

To keep your earthly audit : Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband ; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

King. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you :
He said, he did ; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ? *[Aside.*

Sur. Now Heaven increase this business ! *[Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true ;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My study'd purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities :—I profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd

More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their souls; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken:—
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[Giving him Papers.]

And after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

*[Exit the KING, frowning upon WOLSEY; the
NOBLES following him, whispering and smiling.]*

Wol. What should this mean?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device, to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Enter NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, and
CHAMBERLAIN.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who com-
mands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
To Esher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,—

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it.—Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You've christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards.—That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me :
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents : Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:—

Within these forty hours, Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on his fault thou gav'st him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke, by law,
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour ;
That I, i' the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. Your long coat, priest, protects you.
My lords,
Can you endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;

The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—

My lord of Norfolk,

Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles

Collected from his life:—I'll startle you

Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,

But that I'm bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,

And spotless, shall my innocence arise,

When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:

I thank my memory, I yet remember

Some of these articles; and out they shall.

Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,

You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;

I dare your worst objections: if I blush,

It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,

You wrought to be a legate; by which power

You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else

To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*

Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king

To be your servant.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you've sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities.—

Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my lord,
Press not a falling man too far;
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him.—My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you:—

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, and
CHAMBERLAIN.]

Wol. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man! full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;

I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right use
of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!—
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now,
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Go, Cromwell.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?—
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.—
Let's dry our eyes: And thus far hear me, Crom-
well;

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
well,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.—Lead me in :—
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own.—O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

An Apartment at Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick, attended by CROMWELL, PATIENCE, AGATHA, and CICELY, who lead her to her Chair.

Crom. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Cromwell, sick to death:

My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden.—

Didst thou not tell me, Cromwell, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Crom. Yes, madam; but I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Cromwell, tell me how he
died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Crom. Well, the voice goes madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Crom. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;

Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words,—“ O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !”

So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Cromwell, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ;
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing :
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Crom. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water.—May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Cromwell ;
I were malicious else.

Crom. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle :
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one :
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer :
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : Ever witness for him

Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good he did it;
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died, fearing Heaven.

Kath. After my death, I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Cromwell:
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour:—Peace be with him!—
 Patience, be near me still.—Good Cromwell,
 Cause the musicians play me that said note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

PATIENCE sings.—KATHARINE falls asleep.

*Angels ever bright and fair,
 Take, O, take me to your care;
 Speed to your bless'd courts my flight,
 Clad in robes of virgin white!*

Kath. [*Wakes.*] Spirits of peace, where are ye?
 Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Crom. Madam, we're here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:—
 Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Crom. None, madam.

Kath. No? saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
 Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Cromwell, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear; I shall,
Assuredly.

Crom. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Enter GUILDFORD.

Guil. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow;
Deserve we no more reverence?

Crom. You are to blame.
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Guil. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Cromwell:—But this
fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GUILDFORD and CROMWELL.*

Enter CROMWELL and CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and, your name, Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request, that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me

Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers—
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam. [*Presents the Letter.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter;—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
And a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity

Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully;
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me:—

And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will.

Kath. I thank you, honest lord.—Remember me
In all humility unto his highness;
Say, his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord. [CAPUCIUS kneels, and kisses her Hand.
When I am dead,
Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave :—
Although unqueen'd, inter me like a queen,
And pay respect to that which I have been.

[*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter the KING and SUFFOLK.

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—

Enter LOVEL.

Now, Lovel, from the queen, what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her

What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. Heaven safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
'Pr'ythee to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night. [Exit SUFFOLK.]

Lov. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Lov. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Lovel?

Lov. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [Exit LOVEL.]

Enter LOVEL and ARCHBISHOP CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery.—

[LOVEL seeming to stay.]

Ha!—I have said.—Begone.

What!—

[Exit LOVEL.]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord? You do desire to
know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty, [Kneels.
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must have some talk together:
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our tower: You a brother
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness; [Kneels.
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up.—
Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further,

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant.

King. Be of good cheer;

They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
 Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see
 You do appear before them : if they shall chance,
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use ;
 If entreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them.—Look, the good man
 weeps !

He's honest, on mine honour ; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you.— [Exit CRANMER.
 He has strangled
 His language in his tears.

[LOVEL and LADY DENNY, without.]

Lov. Come back ; what mean you ?

L. Den. I'll not come back ; the tidings that I
 bring
 Will make my boldness manners.—

Enter LADY DENNY.

Now, good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head,—

King. Now, by thy looks,
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd ?
 Say, ay ; and of a boy.

L. Den. Ay, ay, my liege ;
 And of a lovely boy : Angels of heaven
 Both now and ever bless her !—'tis a girl,
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
 Desires your visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you,
 As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel,—

Enter LOVEL.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her a hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit the KING.*

L. Den. A hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more:

An ordinary groom is for such payment.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the girl was like to him?

I will have more, or else unsay't; and now,

While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Council Chamber.

Enter CRANMER.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste.—All fast? what means this?—

Hoa!

Who waits there?—

Enter the KEEPER of the Council Chamber.

Sure, you know me?

Keep. Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Enter GUILDFORD behind.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Cran. So.—

Guild. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,

I came this way so happily. The king
Shall understand it presently. [Exit GUILDFORD.]

Cran. It is

Sir Henry Guildford: As he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
'Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid, by some that hate me,
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make
me

Wait else at door; a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their plea-
sures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

[Exit CRANMER.]

SCENE III.

The Council Chamber.

The KING's Chair, raised, in the Centre,—the LORD CHANCELLOR at the upper End of the Table on the left Hand,—a Seat left void on the right, as for the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—NORFOLK, SUFFOLK, SURREY, CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, LOVEL, in Order on each Side,—and CROMWELL at the Table, as Secretary,—discovered.

Gard. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

Enter the KEEPER.

Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My lord archbishop ;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Nor. Let him come in.

Keep. Your grace may enter now. [*Exit KEEPER.*]

Enter CRANMER.

Nor. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty.

You've misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm

With new opinions,

Divers, and dangerous ; which are heresies,

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,

My noble lords ; for those, that tame wild horses,

Pace them not in their hands, to make them gentle ;

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them

Till they obey the manage.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,

And with no little study, that my teaching,

And the strong course of my authority,

Might go one way, and safely ; and the end

Was ever to do well.

'Pray Heaven, the king may never find a heart

With less allegiance in't !

'Beseech your lordships,

That, in this case of justice, my accusers,

Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,

And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,

That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,

And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know, many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,

You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted glass discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For that they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do :

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much ;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Gard. Then thus for you, my lord,—it stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;

There to remain, till the king's further pleasure

Be known unto us : Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gard. What other

Would you expect ? You're strangely troublesome :

Let some o' the guard be ready there. [*Rises.*

Enter the KEEPER of the Council-chamber.

Cran. For me ?

Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gard. Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lord.

I have a little yet to say.

[*Exit the KEEPER.*

Look there, my lords :—

[*They all rise, and look at the Ring.*

By virtue of that ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the king, my master.

Gard. Is it the king's ring ?

Suf. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Sur. 'Tis the right ring, by Heaven : I told ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,

'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,

The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain :
How much more is his life in value with him !
Would I were fairly out on't !

*Enter the KING, frowning on them ; when he takes his
Seat, they all sit.*

Gard. [*Rises.*] Dread sovereign, how much are we
bound to Heaven,
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender. [*Sits.*

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now. Good man, sit down :—
Sit down, I say.—Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Gard. [*Rises.*] May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.—
[*GARDINER sits.*

I'd thought, I'd had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lowsy foot-boy
At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?
Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power, as he was a counsellor, to try him,
Not as a groom : There's some of ye, I see,

More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Nor. My most dread sovereign, may it like your
grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords!—

[*They embrace CRANMER.*

My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me:
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: How may I deserve it.
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons: you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of
Norfolk,
And Lady Marquis Dorset? Will these please you?—
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And brother's love, I do it. [*Embraces CRANMER.*

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true
heart.

The common voice, I see, is verify'd
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my Lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.—

Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long
 To have this young one made a christian.
 As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;
 So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Palace Yard.

THE PROCESSION TO THE CHRISTENING.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

Enter,

A Herald.

Two Guards.

Ditto.

Ditto.

Ditto.

Two Trumpets,

Two ditto,

Two Drums,

Two ditto,

Two Gentlemen.

Ditto.

Two Aldermen.

Lord Mayor.

Two Gentlemen.

Ditto.

Two Judges.

Ditto.

Ditto.

*Sergeant at Arms, with Mace—Sword-bearer—Sword
 of State.*

Drawn Swords.

Playing.

Attorney General.

Solicitor General.

CROMWELL.

Two Priests, with Silver Crosses.

GARDINER.

Two Bishops.

Ditto.

Ditto.

[Grand Anthem sung.

[Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

[Cannon.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

The KING and CRANMER.

CAPUCIUS.

SIR H. GUILDFORD, *carrying a Golden Bowl and Cover.*

SIR THOMAS LOVEL, *with a lighted Taper.*

EARL of SURREY, *carrying a Silver Salver, with Salt.*

DUKE of NORFOLK—*Marshal's Staff.*

DUKE of SUFFOLK, *High Steward—the Wand.*

[Flutes play.

LADY DENNY.

Two Ladies.

Ditto.

Two Girls,

Ditto,

Ditto,

} *Strewing Flowers.*

The Canopy, supported.

DUCHESS of NORFOLK and the PRINCESS.

Two Pages, bearing the Duchess's Train.

LADY MARY, of NORFOLK, *bearing the Chrysom.*

Two Ladies.

Ditto.

Two Gentlemen.

Ditto.

[Drums and Trumpets.

A Herald.

Two Trumpets.

Two Ditto.

Two Drums.

Two Ditto.

Two Guards.

Ditto.

Ditto.

Ditto.

[Drums, Trumpets, and Wind Instruments.]

SCENE V.

The Palace.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

The KING and all the Court discovered.

Cran. [Kneeling.] Now to your royal grace, and
the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.—

[The KING takes the Child, and kisses her.]
With this kiss take my blessing: Heaven protect thee;
Into whose hand I give thy life.

[Returns the Child to the DUCHESS of NORFOLK.]

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir;
For Heaven now bids me: and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (Heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed,
Truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless
her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow:
Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it!
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does.—I thank you all.—
Lead the way, lords;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank you,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay;
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.—Excunt.*]

THE END.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE



ANNELO. — HE KNOWS, NOT, I TRUST, IF YOU GIVE ME LOVE.

ACT II

SCENE III

PAINTED BY HOWARD.

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO
1807.

ENGRAVED BY MITAN.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

SAVAGE AND EASINGWOOD,
PRINTERS, LONDON.

REMARKS.

Shakspeare displays such genius in the characters, poetry, and incident of his dramas, that it is to be regretted, he ever found materials for a plot, excepting those of history, from any other source than his own invention. Had the plots of old tales been exhausted in his time, as in the present, the world might have had Shakspeare's foundation as well as superstructure, and the whole edifice had been additionally magnificent.

“Measure for Measure,” like his other plays, is taken from an old story—Cinthio's novels, or a play of Whetstone's, has furnished the subject. The illustrious Bard had certainly taste to despise many of those books from whence he borrowed his fable, and yet would not apply to his own prolific mind. This adoption of other men's plans, led him to adopt their incoherencies. He found he improved what they had done, and content with improvement, stopped short of perfection.

Had Shakspeare been the inventor of the fable of the present play, he would assuredly have avoided

the incredible occurrences here inserted. Allowing that the Duke's disguise, as a friar, could possibly conceal him from the knowledge of his intimate friends, and that Angelo should be so blind a lover, as not to distinguish, in closest conference, her he loved, from her he hated, (for these are stage inconsistencies, permitted for stage accommodation,) there still remains a most disgraceful improbability, in representing the deputy Angelo, a monster, instead of a man. The few lines he speaks in a soliloquy, offer a plea too weak for his enormity, in giving orders for the death of Claudio, after the supposed ransom paid by his sister. This plea is besides reduced in part from all show of reason, by a sentence which precedes it in the very same speech.—In that sentence, Angelo says—“He rests satisfied Isabella will not reveal her dishonour”—yet he has ordered the brother's execution, lest she should disclose this dishonour to him, and that he should proclaim it to all the world by taking his revenge.

But as this declaration of the deputy's is not made till after the brother is supposed to be dead, an auditor,—unacquainted with the story, and expecting but natural events,—when the order comes for the execution of Claudio, makes this conclusion—Angelo has detected the imposition (not unlikely) Isabella meant for him, and now pursues vengeance.

Here had been an argument for his cruelty, and it would have been of blacker die, with a plausible motive. In fine, were Angelo less wicked, he would

be hated more;—but wickedness without views, is but a pitiable insanity *.

Mrs. Siddons's exquisite acting, and beautiful appearance in *Isabella*, are proverbial—still, as a character of declamation, rather than of passion, she gives more exalted proof of her art in many other plays.

Mrs. Yates was admired in the part—both her person and voice were favourable for the representation—but Mrs. Siddons had not at that time appeared.

Henderson played the Duke well—Kemble performs it still better, as he has that dignity of person and manner, in which Henderson was deficient.

But, with all the science of acting, “*Measure for Measure*” is a heavy performance. The grave scenes, except where some brilliant poetry is interspersed are tedious and dull.—That Dr. Johnson, in his criticism on this play, should write in praise of the comick characters, seems surprising! To a delicate critic of the present day, and one thoroughly acquainted with his moral character, it must surely appear, as if Johnson's pure mind had been somewhat sullied by having merely read them.

* To vindicate this incident, the well known story of Kirk may be told—but that proves no more than a possible, not a probable event.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT GARDEN. DRURY LANE.

THE DUKE OF AUSTRIA	}	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>
ANGELO		<i>Mr. Cooke.</i>	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
ESCALUS		<i>Mr. Murray.</i>	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
CLAUDIO		<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>	<i>Mr. Wroughton.</i>
LUCIO		<i>Mr. Knight.</i>	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>
LEOPOLD		<i>Mr. Field.</i>	<i>Mr. Dignum.</i>
FREDERICK		<i>Mr. Curties.</i>	<i>Mr. Trueman.</i>
PROVOST		<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>	<i>Mr. Caulfield.</i>
PETER		<i>Mr. Hull.</i>	<i>Mr. Packer.</i>
ELBOW		<i>Mr. Blanchard.</i>	<i>Mr. Parsons.</i>
FROTH		<i>Mr. Beverly.</i>	<i>Mr. Bland.</i>
POMPEY		<i>Mr. Emery.</i>	<i>Mr. Suett.</i>
ABHORSON		<i>Mr. Waddy.</i>	<i>Mr. Phillimore.</i>
BARNARDIN		<i>Mr. Farley.</i>	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
THOMAS		<i>Mr. Klanert.</i>	<i>Mr. Maddocks.</i>
ISABELLA		<i>Mrs. Siddons.</i>	<i>Mrs. Siddons.</i>
MARIANA		<i>Mrs. St. Leger.</i>	<i>Mrs. Powell.</i>
FRANCISCA		<i>Mrs. Humphries.</i>	<i>Miss Tidswell.</i>
MRS. OVERDONE		<i>Mrs. Davenport.</i>	<i>Mrs. Booth.</i>

GUARDS, OFFICERS, and other ATTENDANTS.

SCENE,—Vienna.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The DUKE's Palace.

*The DUKE, ESCALUS, FREDERICK, and LEOPOLD,
discovered.*

Duke. Escalus,—

Esca. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you :
The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember : There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—

[ESCALUS kneels, and takes his commission.

Call hither,

I say, bid come before us, Angelo.—

[Exit LEOPOLD.

What figure of us, think you, he will bear?

For, you must know, we have, with special soul,

Elected him our absence to supply ;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love ;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power:—What think you of it ?

Esca. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter LEOPOLD, and ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold:—
In our remove, be thou at full ourself ;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. We have, with a leaven'd and prepared
choice,
Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.

[ANGELO kneels, and receives his commission.]

We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us ; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well :
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give me leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it:
I'll privily away.—

[*Exeunt* LEOPOLD, and FREDERICK.

Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good.—
Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The Heavens give safety to your purposes.

Esca. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you:—Fare you well.

[*Exit* DUKE.

Esca. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Esca. I'll wait upon your honour.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, and ESCALUS.

SCENE II.

The Garden of a Monastery.

Enter FRIAR PETER, and the DUKE.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought:
Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Peter. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd ;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence,)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travel'd to Poland ;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this ?

Peter. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting
laws,
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,)
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep :
Now, as—(fond fathers
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use,)—in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose :
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Peter. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied up justice, when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful :
Sith 'twas my fault, to give the people scope,
Twould be my tyranny, to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do : For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office ;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home :
And, to behold his sway,

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar.—More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure, shall I render you;
Only this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses,
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[Exeunt the DUKE and FRIAR PETER.]

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter LEOPOLD, LUCIO, and FREDERICK.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

Fred. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Leo. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st, like the sanctimonious pirate, that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

Leo. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

Fred. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal: there's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

Leo. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee ; for I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

Enter MRS. OVERDONE.

Fred. How now ? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ?

Over. Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

Lucio. Who's that, I pray thee ?

Over. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

Fred. Claudio to prison ! 'tis not so ?

Over. Nay, but I know, 'tis so : I saw him arrested ; saw him carry'd away : and, which is more, within these three days, his head is to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this ?

Over. I am too sure of it : and, they say, it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be : he promised to meet me two hours since ; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping. Away : let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt LUCIO, LEOPOLD, and FREDERICK.*]

Over. Thus, what with the war, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY.

How now ? What's the news with you ?

Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Over. What, is there a maid with child by him ?

Pom. No : but there's a woman with maid by him : You have not heard of the proclamation, have you ?

Over. What proclamation, man !

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Over. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth !—What's to do here ?

Pom. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Provost to prison.

Over. Let's withdraw.

[*Exeunt* MRS. OVERDONE, and POMPEY.]

Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, and two APPARITORS.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight:—
The words of Heaven:—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so ; yet still 'tis just.

Enter LUCIO, FREDERICK, and LEOPOLD.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? Murder?

Claud. No.

Prov. Away, sir: you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they will do you any good.

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so;
And the new deputy now for the Duke
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the
wall

So long, that fourteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn: and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is, and thy head stands so
tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in
love, may sigh it off.

Claud. I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; besides, she has a prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encourage-
ment of the like, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I

would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of ticktack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt* PROVOST, CLAUDIO, FREDERICK, LEOPOLD, the two APPARITORS, and LUCIO.]

SCENE IV.

A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isa. And have you nuns no further privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isa. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood.

Lucio. [*Ringing without.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isa. Who's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with
men,
But in the presence of the prioress.

Lucio. [*Ringing without.*] Peace be in this place!
Ho!

Fran. He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit* FRANCISCA.]

Isa. Who is't that calls?

[*Opens the door.*]

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-
roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isa. Why, her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isa. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his
judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isa. My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isa. Adoptedly; as school maids change their
names,

By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isa. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Upon his place,

And, with full line of his authority,
Governs Lord Angelo; a man, whose blood
Is very snow broth;

He hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it:
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace, by your fair prayer,
To soften Angelo:—And that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isa. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the Provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isa. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isa. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isa. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isa. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isa. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt ISABELLA and LUCIO.*]

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

ANGELO'S House.

Enter ESCALUS, ANGELO, and PROVOST.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,

And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Esca. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentle-
man,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,)
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you?

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.—Sir, he must die.

Esca. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the Provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

Esca. Well, Heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!

[Exit ESCALUS.]

Prov. Is it your will, Claudio shall die to-mor-
row?

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? Hadst thou not
order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Pro. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to ; let that be mine :
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet ?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place ; and that with speed.

Enter THOMAS.

Tho. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister ?

Prov. Ay, my good lord ; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.—

[Exit THOMAS.]

See you, the fornicatress be remov'd ;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means ;
There shall be order for it.

Enter ISABELLA, and LUCIO.

Prov. Save your honour ! *[Exit PROVOST.]*

Ang. You are welcome : What's your will ?

Isa. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well, what's your suit ?

Isa. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice ;
For which I would not plead, but that I must ;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well ; the matter ?

Isa. I have a brother is condemn'd to die :
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isa. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

[Retiring.]

Lucio. Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat
him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold.

Isa. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isa. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isa. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isa. But might you do't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Isa. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipp'd, like him; but he like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isa. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus!

No ; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isa. Alas ! alas !

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
And He that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy : How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you, as you are ? O, think on that ;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid ;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother :
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him ;—he must die to-morrow.

Isa. To-morrow ? O, that's sudden ! Spare him,
spare him ;
He's not prepar'd for death !
Good, good, my lord, bethink you :
Who is it that hath died for this offence ?
There's many have committed it.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
slept :
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man, that did infringe the edict,
Had answer'd for his deed.

Isa. Yet show some pity.

Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice ;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall ;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd ;
Your brother dies to-morrow ; be content.

Isa. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence ;
And he, that suffers : O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isa. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet ;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but
thunder.—

Merciful Heaven !

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle :—O, but man, proud man,—
Dress'd in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high Heaven ;
As make the angels weep !

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench : he will relent ;
He's coming ; I perceive 't.

Isa. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself :
Great men may jest with saints : 'tis wit in them ;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me ?

Isa. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top : Go to your bosom ;
Knock there ; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault : if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it,—Fare you
well. [Going.]

Isa. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me :—Come again to-morrow.
[Going.]

Isa. Hark, how I'll bribe you.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isa. Ay, with such gifts, that Heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isa. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at Heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to me to-morrow;—

Isa. Heaven keep your honour safe! [Retiring.

Ang. Amen!—for I
Am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isa. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isa. 'Save your honour!

[Exeunt LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary?

O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?

O, let her brother live:

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? This virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter ELBOW, POMPEY, FROTH, *and two* TIPSTAVES.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Enter ESCALUS, *and two* APPARITORS.

Esca. How now, sir; What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Esca. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? Are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Esca. This comes off well; here's a wise officer. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Esca. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour,——

Esca. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman.——

Esca. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house is a naughty house.

Esca. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in adultery, and all uncleanness, there.

Esca. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, [*Pointing at FROTH.*] so she defied him.

Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before this varlet here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Pom. Sir, she came in, great with child, and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stewed prunes;—Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your honour has seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Esca. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said—master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again;—

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well:—you being then,—

Esca. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to Elbow's wife, once more.

Pom. Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Esca. Well, sir;—What did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good Master Froth look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honour mark his face?

Esca. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Esca. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Esca. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Esca. Which is the wiser here,—justice or iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Esca. If he took you a box o'the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it:

What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Esca. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou would'st discover if thou could'st, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Esca. Come hither to me, Master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: for mine own part, I never come into any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

Esca. Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell.—[*Exit FROTH.*—Come you hither to me, Master Tapster; what's your name, Master Tapster?

Pom. Pompey.

Esca. I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipped: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Pom. I thank your worship for your good counsel:—But I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. [Exit POMPEY.

Esca. Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, Master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Esca. I thought, by your readiness in the office,

you had continuance in it some time: you say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Esca. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. 'Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Esca. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Esca. To my house: Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* ESCALUS, APPARITORS,
ELBOW, and TIPSTAVES.]

SCENE III.

ANGELO'S House.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and
pray
To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception.

Enter THOMAS.

How now, who's there?

Tho. One Isabel, a sister,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way.

[*Exit* THOMAS.]

O Heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isa. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
please me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot
live.

Isa. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile:—and, it may be,
As long as you or I:—Yet he must die. [Retiring.]

Isa. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isa. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin Heaven's image,
In stamps that are forbid.

Isa. 'Tis set down so in Heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather,—that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your person to such sweet uncleanness,
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isa. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isa. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this;—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isa. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isa. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isa. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself:—
But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isa. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isa. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,)—that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were

No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasure of your person
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isa. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My person up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isa. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slandered so?

Isa. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seemed of late to make the law a
tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isa. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we
mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isa. Else let my brother die.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isa. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be bold;—
I do arrest your words; be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isa. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isa. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isa. I know, your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isa. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance.—Answer me to-morrow,

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. [Exit ANGELO.]

Isa. To whom should I complain? Did I tell
this,

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her person stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

The Prison.

Enter the DUKE, as a Friar, CLAUDIO, and PROVOST.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from Lord
Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death ; either death, or
life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep : a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still : thou art not
noble ;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness : thou art by no means va-
liant ;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm :
Happy thou art not ;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get ;
And what thou hast, forget'st :
Thou hast nor youth, nor age ;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsy'd old ; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths : yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die ;
And, seeking death, find life : let it come on.

Isa. [*Without.*] What, ho ! peace here ; grace and
good company !

Prov. Who's there ? Come in : the wish deserves a
welcome.

[*Exit PROVOST.*]

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isa. [*Without.*] My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. [*Without.*] And very welcome.

Enter PROVOST, and ISABELLA.

Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be
Conceal'd. [*Exeunt the DUKE, and PROVOST.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what is the comfort?

Isa. Lord Angelo, having affairs to Heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isa. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isa. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one as (you consenting to't,)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isa. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?

If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in my arms.

Isa. There spake my brother! there my father's
grave

Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i'the head, and follies doth enmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil.

Claud. The priestly Angelo?

Isa. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly guards!—Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield to him my honour up,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O, Heavens! it cannot be.

Isa. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank of-
fence,
So to offend him still: this night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isa. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isa. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. O Isabel!—

Isa. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isa. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice ;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isa. Alas, alas !

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live :
What sin you do, to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isa. O, faithless coward ! O, dishonest wretch !
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame ?
Take my defiance :
Die ; perish ! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed :
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel ?

Isa. O, fie, fie, fie !
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade :
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella.

Enter the DUKE, as a Friar.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one
word.

Isa. What is your will ?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I
would, by and by, have some speech with you : the
satisfaction, I would require, is likewise your own be-
nefit.

Isa. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs, but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have overheard what hath pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her, only, he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures; she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death; do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon; I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell.

[*Exit* CLAUDIO.]

Provost, a word with you.

Enter PROVOST.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit* PROVOST.]

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isa. I am now going to resolve him; but, O, how much is the good duke deceiv'd in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he

made trial of you only, therefore fasten your ear on my advisings—to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wrong'd lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law—do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isa. Let me hear you speak further; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isa. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel, the dowry of his sister, But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isa. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort;—swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she now wears for his sake, and he, a marble to her tears, is wash'd with them, but relents not.

Isa. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can she avail?

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her, the

continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that, in all reason, should have quench'd her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point,—only refer yourself to this advantage:—first, that your stay with him may not be long—that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience:—this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wrong'd maid to stand up your appointment—go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense, and here, by this, is your brother sav'd, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantag'd, and the corrupt deputy scal'd.—What think you of it?

Isa. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will, presently, to Saint Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me, and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isa. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. *[Exeunt ISABELLA and the DUKE.]*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter ELBOW, POMPEY, and two TIPSTAVES.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but, that you will needs buy and sell men and women like

beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.—

Enter the DUKE, as a Friar.

'Bless you, good father friar!

Duke. And you, good brother father!—What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; he keepeth a naughty house.

Duke. Fie, sirrah!

The evil that thou causest to be done,

That is thy means to live:

Go, mend; go, mend.

Pom. Sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil hath given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;

Correction and instruction must both work,

Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir.

Enter LUCIO.

Pom. I spy comfort; I cry bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the wheels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, 'faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband, now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your

bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, trusty Pompey.—'Bless you, friar!

Duke. And you!

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Pom. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go.

[*Exeunt ELBOW, POMPEY, and TIPSTAVES.*

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to wenching would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, till eating and drinking be put down.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, to take away the life of a man for—would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand:—he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducat in her clackdish:—the duke had crotchets in him:—he would be drunk, too; that let me inform, you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his:—a shy fellow was the duke:—and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helm'd, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation: therefore, you speak unskillfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more ; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm : you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first. Farewell, good friar ; I pr'ythee pray for me. The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays : and I say to thee, he would mouthe with the beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic : say, that I said so. Farewell.

[*Exit LUCIO.*]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape ; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes : What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue ?—
But who comes here ?

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and two APPARITORS.

Esca. Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die to-morrow : let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation : if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

[*Exit PROVOST.*]

Esca. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you !

Esca. Of whence are you ?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is
now

To use it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Esca. What news abroad i' the world ?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it.—I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the Duke ?

Esca. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Esca. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer that they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared: I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now he is resolved to die.

Esca. You have paid the Heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Esca. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and APPARITORS.*]

He, who the sword of Heaven will bear,
Should be as holy, as severe:
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!

O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!—
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood, false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Prison.

Enter PROVOST, with a warrant, and POMPEY.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah:—Can you cut off a man's head?

Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping.

Pom. Sir, I will be content to be a hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abh. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution.

Abh. Fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. Provide your block and your axe, to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abh. Come on; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt ABHORSON and POMPEY.*

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal.—Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself.— [Knocking without,
But, hark, what noise?—
Heaven give your spirits comfort!

[Knocking again.—Exit CLAUDIO.]

By and by:—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter the DUKE, as a Friar.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the
night

Envelop you, good provost!—Who call'd here of
late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth, with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others.—

[*Knocking again.*

Now are they come.—

[*Exit PROVOST.*

This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

Re-enter PROVOST.

Prov. [*Speaking to one without.*] There must he stay,
until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow.

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Pro. Happily,

You something know ; yet, I believe there comes
No countermand :
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter THOMAS, with a letter.

This is his lordship's man.

Duke. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Tho. My lord hath sent you this note ; and by me
this further charge, that you swerve not from the
smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other
circumstance. Good morrow ; for, as I take it, it is
almost day.

Prov. [*Having read the order.*] I shall obey him.

[*Exit THOMAS.*]

Duke. Now, sir, what news ?

Prov. I told you : Lord Angelo, belike, thinking
me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this un-
wonted putting on : methinks, strangely ; for he
hath not used it before.

Duke. 'Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [*Reads.*] *Whatsoever you may hear to the con-
trary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock ; and,
in the afternoon, Barnardine : for my better satisfaction,
let me have Claudio's head sent to me by five. Let this
be duly performed ; with a thought, that more depends on
it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your
office, as you will answer it at your peril.*

What say you to this, sir ?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be exe-
cuted in the afternoon ?

Prov. A Bohemian born ; but here nursed up and
bred : one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not

either delivered him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touched?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. 'Pray sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? Having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and say it was the desire

of the penitent to be so bared before his death : You know, the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint, whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father ; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy ?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think, you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing ?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that ?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet, since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke : You know the character, I doubt not ; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke ; you shall anon overread it at your pleasure ; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here.—This is a thing that Angelo knows not.—Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.—Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be : all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head. Yet you are amazed ; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away ; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt the DUKE and PROVOST.*]

Enter POMPEY.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession : one would think, it were Mistress Overdone's own house ; for here be many of her old customers.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abh. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. Master Barnardine! You must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.

Abh. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barn. [*Within.*] A plague o' your threats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman: you must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barn. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abh. Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

Pom. 'Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abh. Go into him, and fetch him out.

Pom. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Abh. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Pom. Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Barn. How now, Abhorson? What's the news with you?

Abh. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant is come.

Barn. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Pom. O, the better, sir; for he, that drinks all night, and is hanged by times in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Abh. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father:—Do we jest now, think you?

Enter the DUKE, as a Friar.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how

hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barn. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barn. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barn. Not a word:—if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exeunt* BARNARDINE, ABHORSON, and POMPEY.]

Enter PROVOST.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die!

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning, of a cruel fever,
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour: What, if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Despatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,
And sent according to command.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.—
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:

And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done:—Put them in secret
holds,

Both Barnardine and Claudio: For twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo.— [Exit PROVOST.
Now will I letters write to Angelo,
Whose contents

Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well balanc'd form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Enter PROVOST, with a Bag.

Prov. Here is the head:—I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit PROVOST,

Isa. [Without.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to
know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isa. The better, given me by so holy a man.—
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the
world;

His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.—

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isa. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.—
Mark what I say; which you shall find,
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The Duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your
eyes;—

One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: Already he hath carry'd
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your
wisdom

In that good path, that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that, he sent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home:—For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,

And shall be absent.—Wend you with this letter:—
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even!

[Exit ISABELLA.]

Friar, where is the Provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart,
to see thine eyes so red:—If the old fantastical Duke
of dark corners had been at home, thy brother had
lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden
to your reports: but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou know'st not the Duke so well as
I do: he's a better woodman, than thou takest him
for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye
well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can
tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already,
sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench
with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to for-
swear it; they would else have married me to her.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest:
Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's
end:—Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

[Exeunt the DUKE and LUCIO.]

SCENE II.

ANGELO'S House.

Enter ESCALUS and ANGELO, with letters.

Esca. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness—'Pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted!—And why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Esca. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Esca. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd:—
I'll call you at your house:—
Give notice to such men of sort and suit,
As are to meet him.

Esca. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit ESCALUS.*]

Ang. This deed unshapes me quite, makes me un-
pregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me?—
He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,

With ransome of such shame.—'Would yet he had
liv'd!—

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right!—we would, and we would not.
[Exit.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Before the Gates of Vienna.

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter, from the City, GUARDS, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, two APPARITORS, and GENTLEMEN:—towards the City, GUARDS, the DUKE, FREDERICK, LEOPOLD, PROVOST, and GENTLEMEN.

ANGELO and ESCALUS kneel, and deliver their Commissions to the DUKE.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks aloud: Give me your
hand,

And let the subject see, to make them know,
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you.

Enter FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA from the City.

Isa. Justice, O royal Duke!—Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
O, worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom?
Be brief:

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice
Reveal yourself to him.

Isa. O, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that, which I must speak,
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me!

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice,—

Isa. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isa. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is

A hypocrite, a virgin violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isa. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul!
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isa. O, I conjure thee, prince, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impos-
sible

That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,—
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As ne'er I heard in madness.

Isa. O, gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear.

Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you
say?

Isa. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication,
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
Was then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace.
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isa. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
'Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, 'pray Heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isa. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isa. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy;—

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isa. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: The matter?—Proceed.

Isa. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length;) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by my unchaste surrender,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isa. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By Heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice: First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain?

Isa. And is this all?

Then, O, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil, which is here wrapp'd up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer!—
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.—
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isa. One that I would were here,—Friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:—Who knows that
Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This' a good friar belike?
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.—

[*Exit* FRIAR PETER.

Take her hence awhile.—

[*Exeunt* ISABELLA and two APPARITORS.

Give us some seats.— [GENTLEMEN *fetch two chairs.*

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?

O Heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—

Come, cousin Angelo;

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge

Of your own cause.—[*The DUKE and ANGELO sit.*

Enter MARIANA, veiled, and FRIAR PETER.

Is this the witness, friar?

First, let her show her face; and, after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then.

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then:
Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of
them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some
cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband knows
not,

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord? it can be no
better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for my Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:

She, that accuses him,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No?—You say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: 'twas I
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalu'd
In levity: since which time, of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince, [Kneels.]
As there comes light from Heaven, and words from
breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows :
As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees ;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument ! [Rises.]

Ang. I did but smile till now ; [ANGELO starts up.]
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice ;
My patience here is touch'd : I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on : Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Aye, with my heart ;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
[The DUKE rises.]

Thou foolish friar,—and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone, think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation ?—You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin ; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar, that set them on ;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. 'Would he were here, my lord ; for he, in-
deed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint :
Your Provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.— [Exit PROVOST.]
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,

In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Esca. My lord, we'll do it throughly.

[*Exit DUKE.—ANGELO and ESCALUS sit.*
Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that Friar
Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus not facit monachum*: honest in nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Esca. We shall entreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them against him.—We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Esca. Know you that Friar Lodowick, that he speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not sawcy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport his grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented.

Esca. Call that same Isabel here once again.—

[*Exit a GENTLEMAN.*

I would speak with her:—'Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Enter the GENTLEMAN, ISABELLA, and two APPARITORS.

Esca. Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My Lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the Provost.

Esca. In very good time:—Speak not you to him, till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Enter the DUKE, as a Friar, and PROVOST.

Esca. Come, sir: Did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? They have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Esca. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—

Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Esca. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:

Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress. Is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust, Thus to retort your manifest appeal, And put your trial in the villain's mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar? Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper ear, To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the Duke himself; To tax him with injustice!—Take him hence;

To the rack with him :——We'll touze you joint by joint

But we will know this purpose :—What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-ran the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand, like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Esca. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, goodman baldpate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Lucio. O, did you so?—And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Esca. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal:—
Away with him to prison:—Where is the Provost?—

Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.

[*The PROVOST lays hands on the DUKE.*

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir:—Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's habit, and discovers the DUKE.*

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that ever made a duke.—

First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three:—

Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you

Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

[*The APPARITORS seize LUCIO.*

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:—

[*To ESCALUS.*

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave.—

[*To ANGELO.*

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,

Rely upon it till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Ang. O, my dread lord,

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernible,

When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,

Hath look'd upon my passes: then, good prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame,

But let my trial be mine own confession;

Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, Provost.

[*Exeunt* MARIANA, ANGELO, FRIAR PETER,
and PROVOST.

Esca. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel.

Isa. O, give me pardon, [She kneels.
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel: [Raises her.
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him so be lost: O, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your com-
fort,
So happy is your brother.

Enter MARIANA, ANGELO, PROVOST, and FRIAR
PETER.

Isa. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new marry'd man, approaching
here,
Whose foul imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon him,
For Mariana's sake: but, as he adjudg'd your bro-
ther,
(Being criminal in double violation,

Of sacred chastity, and of promise breach,) We do condemn him to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste ;—

Mari. O, my most gracious lord, I hope, you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband :

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choke your good to come :—Away with him ;—
[GUARDS advance.

His fault thus manifested, The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper tongue, “ An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.” Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ; Like doth quit like, and “ Measure still for Measure.”

Mari. Gentle my liege— [Falls on her knees.

Duke. You do but lose your labour ; Away with him to death.

[GUARDS draw their swords, advancing.

Mari. O, my good lord !—Sweet Isabel, take my part :

Lend me your knees, and, all my life to come, I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her : Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel, Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me :— They say, best men are moulded out of faults ; And, for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad ; so may my husband.— O, Isabel !—Will you not lend a knee ?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isa. Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.]
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd : I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me ; since it is so,
Let him not die : My brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he died :
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent ;
And must be buried but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no subjects ;
Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable ; stand up, I say.—
[They rise.]

I have bethought me of another fault :—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour ?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed ?

Prov. No, my good lord ; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office :

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord :
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not ;
Yet did repent me after more advice :
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he ?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would, thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither, let me look upon him.

[Exit PROVOST, into the City.]

Esca. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Enter PROVOST, BARNARDINE, and CLAUDIO,
muffled, from the City.*

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou art condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy, to provide
For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—

*[Exeunt BARNARDINE and FRIAR PETER, into
the City.]*

What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd.

*[CLAUDIO discovers himself,—ISABELLA runs
and embraces him.]*

By this, Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth
yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself ;
 And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon ;——
 You, sirrah,—that knew me for a fool, a coward,
 One all of luxury, an ass, a madman :—
 Wherein have I deserved so of you,
 That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick : If you will hang me for it, you may ; but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.——
 Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,
 If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
 (As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
 Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
 And he shall marry her : the nuptial finish'd,
 Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a punk ! Your highness said, even now, I made you a duke ; good my lord, do not recompense me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.—
 Thy slanders I forgive ; and therewithal
 Remit thy other forfeits :—Take him to prison :
 And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sir,—
 Slandering a prince deserves it.—

[*Exeunt LUCIO, and two APPARITORS.*
 She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore :—
 Joy to you, Mariana !—love her, Angelo :—
 Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness :

Thanks, Provost, for thy care, and secrecy ;
 We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
*For thee, sweet saint,—if for a brother sav'd,
 From that most holy shrine thou wert devote to,
 Thou deign to spare some portion of thy love,*

*Thy Duke, thy Friar, tempts thee from thy vow :
In its right orb let thy true spirit shine,
Blessing both prince and people :—thus we'll reign,
Rich in possession of their hearts, and, warn'd
By the abuse of delegated trust,
Engrave this royal maxim on the mind,
To rule ourselves, before we rule mankind.* [Exeunt.

THE END.

It is the first time, I think, that I have seen
in the world, and I have never seen any thing
more beautiful, more interesting, more
instructive, than the collection of the
manuscripts of the late Mr. [Name]
which I have just seen. It is a
treasure of the most valuable kind, and
I am sure that it will be found
to be of great service to the
public.

The first part of the collection
contains the original manuscripts
of the late Mr. [Name], and
the second part contains the
manuscripts of the late Mr. [Name].
The third part contains the
manuscripts of the late Mr. [Name].
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manuscripts of the late Mr. [Name].
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The eighteenth part contains the
manuscripts of the late Mr. [Name].
The nineteenth part contains the
manuscripts of the late Mr. [Name].
The twentieth part contains the
manuscripts of the late Mr. [Name].

WINTERS TALE



ANTIGONUS — THIS IS THE CHASE.—WELL MAY I GET ABOARD !
ACT III. SCENE III.

PAINTED BY J. HALLS

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THE
WINTER'S TALE;

A PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS
FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS
BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

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REMARKS.

Although the reader of the following play may have read it frequently, he will dwell upon many of its beauties with a new delight; and, if the work is wholly unknown to him, or its fable, incidents, and poetry, have been but slightly impressed upon his memory, he will sometimes be surprised into a degree of enthusiastic admiration!

The “ Winter’s Tale” was very successful at Drury Lane Theatre a few years ago; and yet, it seems to class among those dramas that charm more in perusal than in representation. The long absence from the scene of the two most important characters, Leontes and his wife, and the introduction of various other persons to fill their places, divert, in some measure, the attention of an audience; and they do not so feelingly unite all they see and all they hear into a single story, as he who, with the book in his hand, and neither his eye nor ear distracted, combines, and enjoys the whole grand variety.

Besides the improbability of exciting equal interest by the *plot* of this drama, in performance as in the closet; some of the poetry is less calculated for

that energetic delivery which the stage requires, than for the quiet contemplation of one who reads. The conversations of Florizel and Perdita have more of the tenderness, than the fervour, of love; and consequently their passion has not the force of expression to animate a multitude, though it is properly adapted to steal upon the heart of an individual.

Shakspeare has said in his tragedy of Othello, that a man is "Jealous, because he is jealous." This conceit of the poet seems to be the only reason that can possibly be alleged, for the jealousy of the hero of the present work; for the unfounded suspicion of Leontes in respect to the fidelity of Hermione, is a much greater fault, and one with which imagination can less accord, than with the hasty strides of time, so much censured by critics, between the third and fourth acts of the play. It is easier for fancy to over leap whole ages, than to overlook one powerful demonstration of insanity in that mind which is reputed sane.

The mad conduct of Leontes is however the occasion of such noble, yet such humble and forbearing demeanour on the part of his wife, that his phrenzy is rendered interesting by the sufferings which it draws upon her: and the extravagance of the first is soon forgotten, through the deep impression made by the last.

High as this injured queen ranks in virtue and every endearing quality, she has a faithful attendant, who in that lowly capacity, reaches even the summit of her majesty's perfection. Paulina, in nature, and

the best of all nature, tenderness united with spirit, has such power over the scenes in which she is engaged for the protection of the new-born child, that, like the queen, she confers honour and interest upon Leontes, merely by his keeping such excellent company.

In the barbarous transaction of this jealous King of Sicilia, and in the patient dignity of his queen, it has generally been supposed that the author meant to gratify the reigning Queen of England (Elizabeth), by an allusion, which her majesty was certain to observe in this conjugal mistrust, to the wronged innocence of her mother, the accused and condemned Anne Boleyn.

One commentator on "The Winter's Tale," even traces the language of the Queen of Sicilia upon her trial—the words used also in the recommendation of her infant daughter to the love of her cruel father—and other sentences pronounced on the same pitiable subject, to similar expressions made use of by the mother of Queen Elizabeth, in her similar state.

If Shakspeare really meant, in the characters of Leontes and Hermione, to give a portrait of Henry the Eighth and his second unfortunate wife—and to produce such pictures as the queen on the throne should admire, it was perfect good policy, rather than want of skill, to make the king jealous without one apparent motive. But still, even more of a courtier than in this point, did the great bard prove himself, in his forming the person of the king's discarded daughter! Perdita, the representative of Elizabeth, is here given

by poetry, more beauty than painting could bestow: and thus the renowned Queen of Great Britain is assailed on the only feeble part of her understanding—that vanity, which proclaimed her sex.

There are two occurrences in this drama, quite as improbable as the unprovoked jealousy of the Sicilian king—the one, that the gentle, the amiable, the tender Perdita, should be an unconcerned spectator of the doom which menaced her foster, and supposed real, father; and carelessly forsake him in the midst of his calamities. The other disgraceful improbability is—that the young prince Florizel should introduce himself to the court of Sicilia, by speaking arrant falsehoods.

There is a scene in this play which is an exception to the rest, in being far more grand in exhibition than the reader will possibly behold in idea. This is the scene of the Statue, when Mrs. Siddons stands for Hermione.

DRAMATIS PERSONA

LEONTE	Mr. Kemble
AMANTIO	Mr. Barry
CADULLO	Mr. Ford
ANTONIO	Mr. Norton
CLONARDO	Mr. Kemble
PRINCE	Mr. C. Kemble
PRINCE	Mr. Norton
THASUS	Mr. Norton
KATHERINE OF THE PRINCE	Mr. Norton
ALANTIA	Mr. Cooke
POLIXENES	Mr. Barrymore
FLORINEL	Mr. C. Kemble
ANTONIO	Mr. Barry
SUPPENS	Mr. Norton
CLOWY	Mr. Norton
NESTOR	Mr. Chapman
AUTOLEUS	Mr. Norton
HERMIONE	Mr. Norton
PRINCE	Mr. Norton
PRINCE	Mr. Norton
PRINCE	Mr. Norton
PRINCE	Mr. Norton
PRINCE	Mr. Norton
PRINCE	Mr. Norton
PRINCE	Mr. Norton
PRINCE	Mr. Norton
PRINCE	Mr. Norton
PRINCE	Mr. Norton

THESE PERSONS, LADIES, PRINCES, &c.
THESE PERSONS, LADIES, PRINCES, &c.
THESE PERSONS, LADIES, PRINCES, &c.
THESE PERSONS, LADIES, PRINCES, &c.
THESE PERSONS, LADIES, PRINCES, &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES	<i>Mr. Kemble.</i>
MAMILLIUS	<i>Master Byrne.</i>
CAMILLO	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
ANTIGONUS	<i>Mr. Dowton.</i>
CLEOMENES	<i>Mr. Raymond.</i>
DION	<i>Mr. Caulfield.</i>
PHOCION	<i>Mr. Holland.</i>
THASIVS	<i>Mr. Maddocks.</i>
KEEPER OF THE PRISON	<i>Mr. Sparks.</i>
MARINER	<i>Mr. Cooke.</i>
POLIXENES	<i>Mr. Barrymore.</i>
FLORIZEL	<i>Mr. C. Kemble.</i>
ARCHIDAMUS	<i>Mr. Packer.</i>
SHEPHERD	<i>Mr. Waldron.</i>
CLOWN	<i>Mr. Suett.</i>
NEATHERD	<i>Mr. Chippendale.</i>
AUTOLYCUS	<i>Mr. Bannister, jun.</i>
HERMIONE	<i>Mrs. Siddons.</i>
PERDITA	<i>Miss Hickes.</i>
PAULINA	<i>Mrs. Powell.</i>
EMILIA	<i>Mrs. Humphries.</i>
LAMIA	<i>Mrs. Sontley.</i>
HERO	<i>Mrs. Scott.</i>
MOPSA	<i>Mrs. Harlowe.</i>
DORCAS	<i>Miss B. Menage.</i>

PRIESTS, JUDGES, LORDS, LADIES, PAGES, OFFICERS, GUARDS, SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.

SCENE—In the End of the Third Act, and during the Fourth, lies in Bohemia;—through the rest of the Play in Sicilia.

THE
WINTER'S TALE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Sicilia.

A Square before the Palace of LEONTES.

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot, with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our

insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over kind to Bohemia: They were train'd together in their childhoods: and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now.— Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him; it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject—makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Cam. Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Trumpets sound.

LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES,
ANTIGONUS, CAMILLO, ARCHIDAMUS, CLEO-
MENES, DION, PHOCION, THASIVS, PAULINA,
EMILIA, LAMIA, HERO and ATTENDANTS, *dis-*
covered.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one *We-thank-you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I'm question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence:
Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer,

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me; so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? Speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You,
sir,

Charge him too coldly: tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaimed; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay;
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gest
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?—

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
oaths,

Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you?

My prisoner?—or my guest? By your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess.—Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys.
You were pretty lordings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i'the
sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence: we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd
That any did.—Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
Boldly, "Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O, my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had not then cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!

Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.—
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What, have I twice said well? When was't
before?

I pr'ythee, tell me.

One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that:
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal;—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first?—It has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you:

But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me hav't—I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
“I am yours for ever.”

Her. Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the pur-
pose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.

[Gives her Hand to POLIXENES.]

Leon. Too hot, too hot:—

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy. This entertainment

May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o'the deer;—O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy
nose?—

They say, it's a copy out of mine.—Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:—
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have,

To be full like me:—yet, they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As wind, as waters;
Yet were it true
To say, this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye.—Sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't
be?—

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

Leon. What cheer? How is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will?—why, happy man be his dole!—

My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me:—We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's wel-
come;
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours in the garden: Shall's attend you
there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you; you'll be
found,
Be you beneath the sky.

I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.

[*Exeunt HERMIONE and POLIXENES, followed
by all the COURT, except LEONTES, MAMILLIUS, and CAMILLO.*

Go to—go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!—Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep;—o'er head and ears a fork'd
one.

Go play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There have
been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has——
Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.—Physic for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south:
Many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.

[*Exit MAMILLIUS.*

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions ; made His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—
They're here with me already ; whispering, rounding,
“ Sicilia is a so forth :” 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How cam't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good should be per-
tinent ;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks :—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? Lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand,
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—Satisfy!—
Let that suffice.—I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils : wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom ; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd. But we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !

Leon. To bide upon't ;—Thou art not honest : or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd : Or else thou must be counted

A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent: or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
'Twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allowed infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt: you have;—)
Or heard,
(For to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute;—) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think it,—)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career

Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty :)
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would, unseen, be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. You lie, you lie; it is:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he, that wears her like her medal,
hanging
About his neck, Bohemia:—Who,—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,—
They would do that
Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer—
Who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial,

Cam. Sir,—my lord,—

I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison:—But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

Leon. I've lov'd thee,—make't thy question, and
go rot!—

Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation;—sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps:—
Give scandal to the blood o'the prince, my son,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine;—
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia, for't:
Provided that, when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so, as I my own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen:—I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one-half of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.—
I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[Exit LEONTES.]

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,

What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
 Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
 Is the obedience to a master; one,
 Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
 All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
 Promotion follows: If I could find example
 Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
 And flourish'd after; I'd not do't: but since
 Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
 Let villany itself forswear't. I must
 Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
 To me a break-neck.—Happy star, reign now!
 Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! Methinks,
 My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
 Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
 As he had lost some province, and a region,
 Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
 With customary compliment; when he,
 Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
 A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
 So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
 That changes thus his manners:

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not?

Cam. There is a sickness
 Which puts some of us in distemper; but
 I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
 Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
 Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
 I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,
I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,—

I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counsel;

Which must be even as swiftly followed, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Cry, lost! and so good night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
swears,—

As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best!

Cam. Swear this, though over
By each particular star in heaven,—
You may as well

Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabric of his folly.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to night.
Be not uncertain;—

For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
To take the urgent hour.

Pol. Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen's!

Cam. Come, sir, away. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartment.

HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, EMILIA, LAMIA, and
HERO, discovered.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lam. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.—I love you better.

Emil. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best.

Emil. Who taught this?—

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray,
now,
What colour are your eyebrows.

Lam. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

Emil. Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,
sir, now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

*Enter LEONTES, PHOCION, ANTIGONUS, THASIUS,
OFFICERS, and GUARDS.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with
him?

Pho. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd,
In being so bless'd!—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true, that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open?

Pho. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy; I'm glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this?—sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence;—he shall not come
about her;—

Away with him.

[*Exeunt THASIVS and MAMILLIVS.*

Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say “she is a goodly lady,” and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
“Tis pity she’s not honest, honourable:”
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which on my faith deserves high speech) and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha,—these petty brands
That calumny doth use,—O, I am out——
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself:—These shrugs, these hums, and ha’s,
When you have said, she’s goodly, come between,
Ere you can say, she’s honest: But be it known
From him, that has most cause to grieve it should
be,

She’s an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish’d villain in the world,
He were as much more villain:—You, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes.—O, thou thing,
Which I’ll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar.—I have said,
She’s an adultress; I have said, with whom:
More, she’s a traitor; and Camillo is
A feodary with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame to know herself,
That she’s
A bed-swarver;

Ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this.—How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You have thus publish'd me!—Gentle, my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good, my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd.

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'Beseech your
highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it.—Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mis-
tress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears:
This action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust I shall.—My women, come—you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[Exit HERMIONE, followed by EMILIA, LAMIA, HERO, OFFICERS and GUARDS.]

Pho. 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. For her, my lord,

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves;
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for't;
Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine—and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't; by mine honour,
Fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations.

Leon. Cease; no more:
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't,
And feel't, as you feel doing thus;—[Striking his
Hands together.]—and see
Withal the instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

Ant. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
Doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,

(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency : Now, from the oracle
They will bring all ; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

Pho. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others ; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth : So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd ;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us.

Ant. Yet, hear me, gracious sovereign,—

Leon. We need no more of your advice : the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours : we'll spare your wisdom, sir.

[*Exeunt* LEONTES and PHOCION.]

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it—
Without more overture.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter PAULINA and two GENTLEMEN.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him ;
Let him have knowledge who I am.—

[*Exit* GENTLEMAN.]

Good lady !

No court in Europe is too good for thee ;

What dost thou then in prison ?

Enter GENTLEMAN, with the KEEPER.

Now, good sir,

You know me—do you not ?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. 'Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam ; to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
'Pray you, to see her women ? any of them ?
Emilia ?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now call her.—
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt the Two GENTLEMEN.*

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, 'pr'ythee. [*Exit KEEPER.*
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Enter the KEEPER and EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady ?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together : On her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater),
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy ?

Emil. A daughter ; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live : the queen receives

Much comfort in't: says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

Paul. I dare be sworn:—

These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king! beshrew
them!

He must be told on't—and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue.
Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the
babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen:—
Do not you fear, upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Square before the Palace.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION, attended.

Dion. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the soil; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Cleo. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them), and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Dion. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Cleo. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Dion. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best!—These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Cleo. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great Divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge,—
And gracious be the issue.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*The KING's Closet.*LEONTES *alone, discovered.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest;—It is but
weakness

To bear the matter thus, mere weakness.—If
The cause were not in being;—part o'the cause,
She, the adultress,—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof,—but she
I can hook to me:—Say, that she were gone,
Given to the death, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

Enter ANTIGONUS.

Ant. My lord?

Leon. How does the boy?

Ant. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see
His nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—
Polixenes,—thou—Fie! no more of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoils upon me; in himself too mighty,
His parties, his alliance.—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: For present vengeance,

Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

PHOCION, THASIVS, and PAULINA, without.

Tha. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to
me;

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Enter PHOCION, THASIVS, and PAULINA, with the
CHILD.

Pho. Madam, he hath not slept to night; com-
manded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come, with words as med'cinal as true,
To purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—

Away with that audacious lady.—Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And I beseech you, hear me, who profess

Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor: yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as may seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord—good queen: I say,
good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,—
For she is good,—hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the CHILD.*]

Leon. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out?—Give her the bastard:
Thou, dotard, thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here,—
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife!

Paul. So I would, you did; then, 'twere past all
doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any

But one, that's here; and that's himself:—For he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will
not

Once remove

The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. This brat is none of mine.

Paul. 'Tis yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the
valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek,—
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!—

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.—

I will not call you tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen
Savours of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life?
Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone,
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours; Jove send
her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so;—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit PAULINA.*]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this.—

My child? Away with't!—Even thou, that hast,
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight;
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine.—Go,—do it,—
hence,—

For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Pho. We can: My royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are traitors, all.

Ant. 'Beseech your highness give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on my knees I beg,
(As recompence of my dear services,
Past, and to come), that you do change this pur-
pose;

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We beseech—

Leon. Shall I live on, to see this creature kneel
And call me father? Better end it now,

Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:—
It shall not, neither.—You, withdraw awhile.—

[*Exeunt PHOCION and THASIOS.*]

You, sir, come you hither,
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life;—for, 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you adventure

To save this brat's life?—

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my abilities may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much—
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible:—swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the
fail

Of any point in't, shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom, for this time, we pardon.—We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This hateful issue of Polixenes,
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse or end it.—Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,

Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require!—and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit ANTIGONUS, with the CHILD.*]

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

[*A Trumpet sounds.*]

Enter PHOCION and THASIVS.

Pho. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are even now
Entering the court.

Leon. This good speed foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

*A Court of Justice.**[Trumpets sound.]*

LEONTES, PHOCION, THASIVS, CLEOMENES, DION,
LORDS, OFFICERS, &c. *discovered.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce),
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Tha. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.

HERMIONE *is brought in, guarded*; PAULINA,
LAMIA, and HERO, *attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Pho. [Reads.] *Hermione, queen to Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot
me,

To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so), my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators; For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strained to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
More impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough ;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth :
Which to deny, concerns more than avails ;
For as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it), so thou
Shalt feel our justice ; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats ;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity ;
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went : My second joy,
The first-fruits of our marriage, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious : My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Hal'd out to murder : Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet : With immodest hatred,
The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion : Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die ? Therefore, proceed.
But yet, hear this ;—mistake me not ;—No !—
life ?

I prize it not a straw ;—but, for mine honour,
(Which I would free), if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises ; (all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake) ; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle ;
Apollo be my judge.

Leon. Bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Pho. You here shall swear upon this sword of
justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Pho. [Reads.] *Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes' babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost, be not found.*

Paul. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Prais'd!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Pho. Ay, my lord, even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. The session shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. My lord the king, the king!—

Leon. What is the business?

Emil. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is dead.

Leon. How! dead?

Her. [*Fainting.*] Oh! oh! oh!—my son!—

Leon. How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,

And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence;

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—

[*HERMIONE is borne off by PAULINA,
EMILIA, LAMIA, and HERO.*

The heavens themselves do strike at my injustice.

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.—Break up the court.

[*Trumpets sound.—Scene closes.*]

SCENE II.

The KING's Closet.

Enter LEONTES, PHOCION, and THASIOS.

Leon. Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! —

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts, and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes:

He, most humane,

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard

Of all uncertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
Through my dark rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

PAULINA *within*.

Paul. Woe the while!

Leon. What fit is this, good lady?

Enter PAULINA.

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels, racks, fires?—
What old, or newer torture
Must I receive? whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed! stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance
for't

Not dropp'd down yet.

Leon. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor
oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on;

Thou canst not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Pho. Say no more ;
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I'm sorry for't :
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas ! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
help,
Should be past grief : Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you ; rather,
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,—
Sir, royal sir,—forgive a foolish woman :
The love I bore your queen—Lo, fool again ?
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too : Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth ; which I receive much better,
Than to be pitied of thee.—'Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son :
One grave shall be for both : Upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual.—Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie ; and tears, shed there,
Shall be my recreation : So long as
Nature will bear up with this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Bohemia.**A desert Country, near the Sea.**Enter ANTIGONUS, with the CHILD, and a MARINER.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd
upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get
aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather:
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away—
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o'the business.

[*Exit MARINER.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I've heard (but not believ'd) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,

Sometimes her head on one side, some another;—
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So filled, and so becoming;—in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her:—" Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia;
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air:—

Dreams are toys;

Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffered death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

There lie;— [Laying down the CHILD.

And there thy character;— [Lays down a Paper.

There these;— [Lays down a Casket.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.— [Rain and Wind.

The storm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Fare thee well,
Sweet!—My heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!—

[Thunder.

The day frowns more and more;—thou'rt like to have

A lullaby too rough:—I never saw

The heavens so dim by day.— [Noise of Hunters.

A savage clamour?— [A Bear seen at a Distance.

This is the chase.—Well may I get aboard!—

[Exit, the Bear following, towards the Ship.—
Rain—Wind—Thunder.

Enter a SHEPHERD.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between, but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—[Horns sound.]—Hark you now!—Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two and twenty, hunt this weather?—They have scared away two of my best sheep, which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy.—Good luck, an't be thy will!—What have we here?—Mercy on's, a barne, a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one, a very pretty one. Sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some behind-door work; they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holloa'd but even now.—Whoa, ho-hoa!—

CLOWN within.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near?—If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and buried, come hither.

Enter CLOWN.

What ail'st thou, man?

Clown. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land!—but I am not to say, it is a sea; for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see them, and not to see them: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship,—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it:—but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the poor old gentleman roar'd, and the bear mocked him;—both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water; nor the bear half dined on the gentleman;—he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!—But look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying—I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth for a 'squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't: So, let's see:—It was told me I should be rich, by the fairies: This is some changeling.—Open't: What's within, boy?

Clown. You're a made old man; if the sins of

your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live.—
Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so.—
Up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way.
We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman.—They are never curst, but when they are hungry:—if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed:—If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Bohemia.

A Room in the Palace of POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a death to grant this.

Cam. It is sixteen years since I saw my country: Besides, the penitent king, my master, has sent for

me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, 'pr'ythee, speak no more.—Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that, from very nothing, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither.—'Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I obey your commands.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The open Country.

Enter AUTOLYCUS singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, hey! the doxy over the dale,

Why, then comes in the sweet o'the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service. [Sings.

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts;
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die, and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat.—A prize! a prize!—

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clown. I cannot do't without counters.—

[Takes out a Paper, and reads.

Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of rice;—* What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on.—*Mace;—dates,—none; that's out of my note:—nutmegs, seven; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o'the sun.*

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[Groveling on the Ground.

Clown. I'the name of me,——

Aut. O, help me, help me: pluck but off these rags; and then,—

Clown. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clown. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee:—Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? Canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; [*Picks the CLOWN'S Pocket.*] good sir, softly.—You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money I pray you! that kills my heart.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a pro-

cess server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him, Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you, now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit CLOWN.]

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Lawn before a Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These, your unusual weeds, to each part of
you

Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This, your sheep-shearing,
Is a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddesslike prank'd up.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's.
To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no.

[Tabor and Pipe within.]

Your guests are coming;
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day

Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Enter CLOWN, MOPSA, DORCAS, SHEPHERDS, SHEPHERDESSES; and the SHEPHERD, with POLIXENES, and CAMILLO disguised.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: 'Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sirs!—
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o'the day:—You're welcome, sirs.

[*PERDITA sings.*]

*Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must
shear;*

*In your holiday suits, with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folks are the guileless and free,
And who are so guileless, so happy, as we?*

*That giant, Ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head:
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.*

*When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed, are the passions we feel;
So harmless, and simple, we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.*

Cam. Good sooth, she is the queen of curds and cream!

Per. Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend,

I would I had some flowers of the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maiden honours growing;—

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die, unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength;

Bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial!—O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;

Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.

[FLORIZEL and PERDITA retire.]

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

CLOWN, &c. advance.

Clown. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, gar-
lick,

To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids?—
Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed,
or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you
must be tittle-tattling before all our guests?—'Tis
well they are whispering.—Not a word, a word; we
stand upon our manners.—Come, strike up.

A Dance of SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.

Pol. 'Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, now talking with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts him-
self

To have a worthy feeding:

He says, he loves my daughter;

And, to be plain,

I think, there is not half a kiss to chuse,

Who loves another best.—

If young Doricles

Do light upon her, she shall bring him that

Which he not dreams of.

Enter a NEATHERD.

Neat. O master, if you did but hear the pedler
at the door, you would never dance again after a

tabor and pipe: he sings songs faster than you'll tell money; he utters them, as he had eaten ballads, and all mens' ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better; he shall come in.

Neat. He hath songs, for man or woman, of all sizes; ribbands of all the colours i'the rainbow; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses.

Clown. 'Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.—[*Exit NEATHERD.*—I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing, and the NEATHERD.

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the newest, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the Pedler,
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.*

Mop. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more.—Come, come.

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. 'Pray now, buy some; I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune,—how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads: we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad,—of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her.

Dor. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.—

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man.*

Dor. We can sing it; if thou'lt bear a part.

Mop. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Clown. Have at it with you.

SONG.

By the CLOWN, MOPSA, and DORCAS.

C. *Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.*

D. *Whither?* M. *O, whither?* D. *Whither?*

M. *It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell;*

D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill;—*

D. *If to either, thou dost ill.*

C. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* C. *Neither.*

D. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;—*

M. *Thou hast sworn it more to me?*

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves:
My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and
we'll not trouble them:—Come, bring away thy pack
after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler,
let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for them. [*Sings.*

*Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a? &c. &c.*

[*Exeunt* AUTOLYCUS, CLOWN, DORCAS,
MOPSA, NEATHERD, SHEPHERDS, and
SHEPHERDESSES.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
How now, fair shepherd?
Sooth, when I was young,
I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ran-
sack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it

To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing mated with him.

Flo. She prizes not such trifles as these are;
O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Cam. How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!

Pol. You have put him out:—
But, to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and know-
ledge,

More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'the virtue of your daughter: One being dead,

I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;
Have you a father!

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table:

Reason, my son
Should chuse himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity), should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't,

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. 'Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to
grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Our contract mark.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir;
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call.

Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook?—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week:—

Shep. Undone, undone!—I cannot speak, nor think;
Nor dare to know that which I know.

[*Exit SHEPHERD.*]

Pol. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft,—who, of force, must know,
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

Per. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and
made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from succession;
Nor hold thee of our blood:
Mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court.—

[*CAMILLO throws off his Disguise.*]

Camillo, come.—

And you, enchantment—

If ever, henceforth, thou

These rural latches to his entrance open,

I will devise a death as cruel for thee,

As thou art tender to it.—Follow, sir.—

[*Exit POLIXENES.*]

Per. Even here undone!—

I was not much afraid; for once, or twice,

I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,

The selfsame sun, that shines upon his court,

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

Looks on all alike.—Wilt please you, sir, begone?

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,

Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,

But milk my ewes, and weep.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd,—

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow:
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair lov'd: Therefore I pray you,
As you've e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion:

I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, to our need most opportune, I have
A vessel rides fast by.

Hark, Perdita.—

Cam. My lord,—

Flo. I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see:—it shall be so.—
Sir,—

Flo. Now, good Camillo,—

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet.

Cam. Then list to me :

This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia ;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore the king :—
Methinks, I see

Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcome forth : asks there the son forgiveness,
As 'twere i'the father's person ; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess ; and—

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
(Things known betwixt us three,) I'll write you down :
And, with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontenting father I will strive
To qualify, and bring him up to liking.

Flo. I am bound to you ;
There is some sap in this.—

Enter AUTOLYCUS behind.

But oh, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me,—
How shall we do ?

We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this : I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there ; it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine.

Aut. So, so,—I smell the trick of it.

Per. But my poor father—

Cam. Fear not, fair shepherdess,—he shall be safe.

Flo. Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side:—

Come, dearest Perdita:—and fortune speed us!

[*Exeunt FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

Aut. If I could overhear him now,—

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

[*Exit CAMILLO.*

Aut. I understand the business—I hear it:—the prince is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels.—Well, I am transformed courtier again: four silken gamesters, who attended the king, and were revelling by themselves at some distance from the shepherds, have drank so plentifully, that their weak brains are turned topsy-turvy. I found one of them, retired from the rest, sobering himself with sleep under the shade of a hawthorn: I made profit of occasion, and exchanged garments with him; the pedler's clothes are on his back, and the pack by his side, as empty as his pockets; for I had sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribband, glass, ballad, knife, tape, glove, to keep my pack from fasting: My clown grew so in love with a new song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it: So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in, with a hubbub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain;
Every lane's end yields a careful man work.

Enter SHEPHERD and CLOWN.

Clown. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me,——

Clown. Nay, but hear me:—She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word; yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well; let us to the king: there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom?—The condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier.—Seest thou not the air of a courtier in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court? I am a courtier *cap-a-pè*; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are; Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clown. A great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel?—Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lie such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are german to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman.—An old sheep-whistling

rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace!—Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I.—Draw our throne into a sheep-cote!—all deaths are too few; the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of those traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest, plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is **man** shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and no more ado.—Remember, stoned, and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.—Walk before

toward the sea-side; go—I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are blessed in this man, as I may say; even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt SHEPHERD and CLOWN.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Sicilia.—The Palace.

The KING's Closet.

LEONTES, CLEOMENES, and PAULINA, discovered.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow:

At the last,

Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;

With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,—
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman;—she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so.—Kill'd!
She I kill'd?—I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did:
Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Cleo. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on.

Paul. The gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel ! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes ;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives ; therefore, no wife :
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leon. Never, Paulina ; so be bless'd my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lord, bear witness to his
oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. I have done.
Yet,—if my lord will marry,—
Give me the office
To chuse you a queen, sir ; and she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Enter PHOCION.

Pho. One, that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness : his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train ?

Pho. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him ?

Pho. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—

[*Exeunt PHOCION and CLEOMENES.*]

Still, 'tis strange,
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
(Jewel of children!) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. 'Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Enter CLEOMENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and
ATTENDANTS.*

Most dearly welcome, prince!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—
Most welcome, sir!—Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him.

Flo. Great sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother;
Whom he loves
More than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
Afresh within me.—
Welcome hither,

As is the spring to the earth!—And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:

My best train

I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;

Who for Bohemia bend, to signify

Not only my success in Libya, sir,

But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety,

Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods

Purge all infection from our air, whilst you

Do climate here!—

What might I have been,

Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,

Such goodly things as you!

[*A Trumpet sounds.*]

Enter ARCHIDAMUS, attended.

Arch. Please you, great sir,

Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:

Desires you to attach his son; who has

(His dignity and duty both cast off),

Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with

A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Arch. Here in your city; I now came from him.

To your court

Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase

Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Arch. He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Arch. Camillo, sir, who now
Has these poor men in question.

Per. O, my poor father!——
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mis-
tress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month

'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such
gazes

Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

[*Trumpets sound.—Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Square before the Palace.

Enter PHOCION and DION.

Dion. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this
relation?

Pho. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard
the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found
it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all
commanded out of the chamber: Only this, me-
thought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the
child.

Dion. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Pho. I make a broken delivery of the business:—
But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo,
were very notes of admiration: there was speech in
their dumbness, language in their very gesture:—

Enter THASIVS.

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more:—
The news?

Tha. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it!

Enter CLEOMENES.

Pho. How goes it now, sir? This news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

Cleo. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: The mantle of Queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter.—Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Dion. No.

Cleo. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; there was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!"—then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns:—I never

heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

Pho. What, 'pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Cleo. Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

Tha. What became of his bark, and his followers?

Cleo. Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found.—But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

Pho. The dignity of this act was 'worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Cleo. One of the prettiest touches of all was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears: for, I am sure, my heart wept blood.

Dion. Are they returned to the court?

Cleo. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano,—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone.

Pho. She hath privately, twice or thrice a-day,

ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

Cleo. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? Every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), would not make the leisure to hear me, and this mystery remained undiscovered.—Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter SHEPHERD and CLOWN.

Shep. Come, boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me the other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? Say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: You were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the

prince, my brother—and the princess, my sister—called my father, father; and so we wept:—and there was the first gentlemanlike tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince, my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand:—Hast nothing in it?—Am I not a courtier?—I must be gently considered:—Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings?—Hath not my gait in it the measure of the court?

Aut. Here is what gold I have, sir.

Clown. Well, I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How, if it be false, son?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

Aut. O, sweet sir!—I have brib'd him with his own money!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

PAULINA'S *House.*

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Enter POLIXENES, CAMILLO, PAULINA, LEONTES, PERDITA, FLORIZEL, ARCHIDAMUS, EMILIA, PHOCION, HERO, CLEOMENES, LAMIA, DION, and THASIVS.

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O, Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities: But we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon.—
Prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death:—Behold, and say, 'tis
well.—

PAULINA undraws a Curtain, and discovers a Statue.

I like your silence; it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak; first, you, my liege:—
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—
O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty,
When first I woo'd her!—
I am asham'd.—

O, royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.

Leon. O, masterpiece of art! nature's deceiv'd
By thy perfection, and at every look
My penitence is all afloat again.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you,
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your
fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.—

'Would I were dead,—but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd?—and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. Make me to think so twenty years toge-
ther;

No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness.—Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you;
but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her:—What fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath?—Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it.
Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,—
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,

I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still;
Or those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music,—awake her,—strike.—
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel.—Come.—

[*Music.*—HERMIONE turns towards
LEONTES.]

Leon. Heavenly powers!—

[*Music.*—HERMIONE descends from the Pe-
destal.]

Paul. Start not; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful:
Nay, present your hand.

Leon. Support me, Heaven!—
If this be more than visionary bliss,
My reason cannot hold.—My queen? my wife?—
But speak to me, and turn me wild with trans-
port.—

I cannot hold me longer from those arms.—
She is warm,—she lives!

Per. O Florizel!

Leon. Her beating heart meets mine, and fluttering
owns

Its long-lost half: these tears, that choke her voice,
Are hot and moist,—it is Hermione!

Pol. O, make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or, how stolen from the dead.

Paul. Mark a little while,—
Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good
lady;

Our Perdita is found :—

[Presents PERDITA.—HERMIONE catches her
in her Arms.

And with her found

A princely husband; whose instinct of royalty,
From under the low thatch where she was bred,
Took his untutor'd queen.

[PERDITA and FLORIZEL kneel.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred phials pour your graces
Upon their princely heads!

Leon. Hark, hark! she speaks—
O, pipe, through sixteen winters dumb! then deem'd
Harsh as the raven's throat; now musical
As nature's song, tun'd to the according spheres!

Her. My lord, my king,—there's distance in those
names,—
My husband!—

Leon. O, my Hermione!—have I deserv'd
That tender name?—Be witness, holy powers,
If penitence may cleanse the soul from guilt,
Leontes' tears have wash'd his crimes away.
If thanks unfeign'd be all that you require,
Most bounteous gods, for happiness like mine,
Read in my heart, your mercy's not in vain!—

Her. No more, my best lov'd lord:—be all that's
pass'd
Buried in this enfolding, and forgiven.

Leon. Thou matchless saint!—Thou paragon of
virtue!—

Per. Thus let me bow, and kiss that honour'd
hand.

Her. Thou, Perdita, my long-lost child, that fill'st
My measure up of bliss,—tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how
found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—

Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one: I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. No, no, Paulina;
Live bless'd with blessing others.—My Polixenes,—
What? Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—Come, our good Camillo,
Now pay thy duty here: thy worth and honesty
Are richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—And, my best queen,
Again I give you this your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, by Heaven's directing
Long troth-plight to our daughter.

Per. I am all shame,
And ignorance itself, how to put on
This novel garment of gentility;
And yield a patch'd behaviour,
That ill becomes this presence:—I shall learn,
I trust I shall, with meekness:—but I feel—
Ah, happy that I do!—a love, a heart,
Unalter'd to my prince, my Florizel.

Flo. Be still my queen of May, my shepherdess;
Rule in my heart; my wishes be thy subjects,
And harmless as thy sheep.

Leon. Now, good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first

We were dissever'd:—
Then thank the righteous gods,
Who after tossing in a frightful storm,
Guide us to port, and cheerful beams display,
To gild the happy evening of our day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE END.

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